THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1925

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Foreign Policy

BY

RAMSAY MACDONALD

Krupps in Russia

Anglo-American Manners

BY

A PARISIAN CHESTERFIELD

What Happened in Damascus

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

December 12, 1925

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NEXT WEEK

RUSSIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By G. Zinoviev

It would be impossible to find a more authoritative statement on this important subject as seen from Moscow. Zinoviev is not only the head of the Third International; he is also a specialist in the field of foreign affairs. Here he reviews for us the international life of Europe during the past twelve months, and points out his country's relation to it all.

TRUTH AND POLITICS

By Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin

This is the rectorial address delivered by the Prime Minister of Great Britain to the students of Edinburgh University. Though the cynic may say that the title is an insoluble paradox, those who read this plea for clear, unambiguous public speech will understand why Mr. Baldwin is being hailed as the British Abraham Lincoln.

THE CAPTURE OF GREECE BY THE GREEKS

By Stanley Casson

The thousands of refugees who have been forced for the first time to make themselves at home in their native land have brought on a real social revolution. 'Greece,' says Mr. Casson, 'is beginning to realize that she has a future that is not based on a triumphal entry through the gates of Stamboul.'

CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE NIGERIAN JUNGLE

By N. F. Cronstedt

Late one Christmas afternoon in darkest Nigeria, Mr. Cronstedt was suddenly visited by a couple of other white men. The unique Yuletide feast he served up was as exotic as the surroundings in which it was consumed.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *DECEMBER 12, 1925* — NO. 4249

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITAIN'S BETTER MOOD

UNQUESTIONABLY the black fog of economic pessimism that rested heavily over Great Britain a few weeks ago has lifted a little. The *Spectator* says: 'At least we have reached a point where it is possible to say, without the dreadful misgiving that one is exaggerating, that there are signs of general improvement — in international relations, in British industry, and in the temper with which the nation is evidently ready to face the future and seize its opportunities.' In his rectorial address at Edinburgh Mr. Baldwin pointed out that the British people as a whole are not wasting their savings. During the past year War Savings Certificates have sold at the rate of a million pounds a week, and each week there have been ten thousand new buyers. He laid stress upon the advantages of the policy adopted by American companies of encouraging their employees to become part owners of the enterprise.

The latter point was particularly stressed by Colonel F. Vernon Willey, president of the British Federation of Industries, in a letter to the *Times*, written immediately after he returned from a tour of this country. Summarizing his impression of conditions in the United States, he said: 'Statistics prove that their astonishing prosperity, if not entirely due to, is largely the result of, the remarkable efficiency and good spirit on the part of labor. The attitude of the mind of the workers differs from ours. Higher wages and greater opportunities no doubt assist this. . . . The American worker has passed beyond the stage of regarding money paid out in wages as a limited fund which must be hoarded and directed by the trade-unions if there is to be enough to go around. So far from objecting to labor-saving machinery, he has welcomed it. He may not be able precisely to explain the economic causes which have enabled labor-saving machinery to bring him greater wealth, but he does at least acknowledge the fact that coincidentally with the introduction of such machinery his wealth has enormously increased. The American worker, again, does not waste his breath on denouncing inequalities so long as he is well enough off himself. Rather he regards great fortunes as

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part of the adventure of life, as prizes which he himself may win if only he has the necessary ability or luck.'

Using this letter as its text, the *Westminster Gazette* comments: 'No one can pass from this country to America without becoming aware of the difference in the industrial atmosphere. There the assumption is that high wages and large profits go together, and that any decline in wages is a catastrophe for the employer as well as the workman; here it is widely believed that high wages are a drain upon industry.' And the *Daily Chronicle* asks, after expressing amazement that trade-unionists should go on sending delegation after delegation to study conditions of work in Russia: 'Why, in heaven's name, do they not send their representatives to see how things are done in the country where the workingmen are most prosperous?'

*

MAKING HISTORY IN CHINA

THE October Tariff Conference at Peking illustrated what divergent versions of the same proceedings may gain credence in different countries. According to the American and European press, our own country took the lead in proposing a liberal tariff-revision scheme, and brought forward a definite set of proposals the main feature of which was that, subject to China's fulfillment of certain preliminary conditions, all restrictions on her fiscal independence should cease on January 1, 1929. That was granting substantially all that China asked, and more than some of her leaders desired. But the Japanese press took an entirely different view of the situation. According to its account, the address of Mr. Hioki, the chairman of its delegation, 'indicated that Japan considers herself as the host of, and is determined to take the lead at, any international gathering held in the Far East.' In other words, Japan proposed to take a leaf from the book of Secretary Hughes at the Washington Naval Conference. Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* said that 'generally speaking, the speech made a good impression on the Chinese, but it seems to have dismayed the Americans,' and then continues: —

> Why are the Americans dismayed. Perhaps they think that they have been completely outwitted by Japan. From the beginning they have advocated a liberal policy toward China, making themselves appear prepared to exercise a free hand. It seems likely that the announcement of Japan through her delegate has daunted their ardor. Mr. Hioki's speech may have staggered them. They are dismayed because Japan holds the cards in her hands.

Hochi took the same position. According to its version, Great Britain and the United States had been completely outdone by Japan's proposals, which, by the way, were not so liberal as those recommended by our own representatives and ultimately adopted:

> It is evident that the British and the Americans in China conspired to embarrass Japan, and they started a propaganda campaign at the expense of this nation. . . . America manifested her policy on November 3. Her representative definitely stated that America would respect the tariff autonomy of China, and that she was willing to abolish the limitation of China's tariff rate. It is thus evident that the United States follows Japan, who insisted upon the return of tariff autonomy on behalf of China. How agonizing this must be to the United States. As the United States did not find herself in circumstances to object to the return of tariff autonomy, her representative was forced to announce that she would respect it in principle.

The *Japan Times* 'deprecates most strongly' this tendency of certain newspapers to cook up sensational controversies between the United States and the Eastern Powers. 'We have, for

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instance, been told persistently for months past that America was doing everything possible to thwart Japanese radio enterprise in China and vice versa, whereas the truth is that the two Powers have all along had no serious difference over the matter. . . . The latest hoax is the report that both England and the United States are going back on Japan in their attitude to China at the Tariff Conference, for the ridiculous reason that the two Powers are rather hurt at Ambassador Hioki's straightforward statement of the stand Japan takes at the Conference, before either of them has had an opportunity to please China with theirs.'

Turning to the disturbed military situation in China, it should be borne in mind that except for the actual fighting the self-assertiveness of the tuchuns is not so abnormal in Chinese history as a Westerner might assume. The relations between Peking and the Provinces were never those of a Centralist State. The latter were always satrapies, absorbing most of their own revenues. Experts estimate that only one eighth or one tenth of the cost of running the country was represented by the revenue transmitted to Peking. The Central Government's chief source of income besides the salt tax has been the customs revenue, which has been kept at a minimum by the veto of the Great Powers upon a tariff high enough to exclude their goods from Chinese markets.

Customs autonomy, especially if associated with the abolition of the Likin, which is somewhat analogous to the tariffs between the States which we abolished when we adopted our Federal Constitution, represents, therefore, a long step forward toward the centralization of the Government. One motive inducing the other Powers to assent to this has undoubtedly been the fact that, apparently reasoning on a false analogy to Occidental conditions, Western bankers have loaned large sums to the Peking Government, which they are never likely to recover unless that Government is made a truly national authority.

If, as reported at present writing, Chang Tso-lin has been overthrown or is struggling with a dangerous revolt among his own forces, it is not impossible that his troubles have been instigated by foreigners — in which case Soviet Russia would be the first Power to incur suspicion. The Mukden war lord and mainstay of the Peking Government is reputed to be less hostile to Western influences than either General Feng or Wu Pei-fu. He may, therefore, be the victim of the spontaneous tide of chauvinist Nationalism that has recently swept over the country.

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TOKENS OF GERMANY'S NEW SPIRIT

PRESENT symptoms indicate that, whatever hold German Monarchists may retain upon the sympathy of the people, it is increasingly difficult for them to convert this sentiment into action. Naturally the prestige that the present Government has won by the Locarno settlement is gall and wormwood to direct-actionist Junkers. Apparently considering it a case of now or never, two leaders of the Bavarian brand of brute-force politicians, Count Soden and General von Moehl, approached the Premier of Bavaria last month, as well as certain of his advisers, with a plan to restore the former Crown Prince Rupprecht to the throne by an armed uprising. The gentlemen thus consulted answered without hesitation that, although they were Monarchists at heart, duty bade them defend the present Constitution and Government and to deal with anyone engaged in the proposed attempt as

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a revolutionist. These facts were promptly reported to a representative of *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the leading Liberal and Democratic organ of South Germany, apparently at the instance of the Bavarian authorities themselves. By thus 'taking refuge in publicity,' to quote the German and Austrian press, the latter signified pretty plainly their belief that the masses of the people support the existing Republican institutions. Since Bavaria is generally regarded as the most reactionary State in the Commonwealth, the incident is supposed to be a reliable barometer of public opinion. Of course, Prussian Monarchists are outraged over the whole affair, which they regard as an attempt of the Wittelsbachs to steal a march on the Hohenzollerns.

Another suggestive straw on the current is the evidence offered in a suit for libel brought against the *Münchner Post*, a Social-Democratic paper, by Professor Cossmann, editor of the *Süddeutsche Monatschefte*. In a special issue of the latter journal devoted to the collapse of the German front in 1918, Professor Cossmann attempted to explain the debacle by the 'stab in the back' theory — that is, he attributed it to the activities of the Socialists behind the front. *Münchner Post* promptly accused the Nationalist editor of falsifying history, whereupon he brought action for libel against the Social-Democratic Party organ. A brilliant array of witnesses from the army and navy and from academic circles was summoned to testify as to the historical facts of the case. None of these enjoys higher authority or greater distinction in the world of German scholarship than Professor Hans Delbrück, former editor of *Preussische Jahrbücher*, where he was associated for years with Professor Treitschke, and one of the sturdiest champions of the justice of Germany's cause and the rightness of her conduct throughout the war. Yet even Professor Delbrück testified: 'In respect to the charge brought by the *Münchner Post* against Professor Cossmann, to the effect that he has falsified history, I cannot help Professor Cossmann. He *has* falsified history.'

THE MUSSOLINI PLOT

BRITISH journals of all complexions were oddly skeptical at the outset regarding the compass and significance of the plot to murder Mussolini. The *Spectator* observed that it was almost impossible to arrive at the truth regarding the alleged conspiracy. 'It may have been a big affair aiming at nothing less than the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic, or it may have been a small affair issuing from a half-demented brain which has been magnified for political reasons. . . . Our own preference is for the minimizing account.' The Conservative *Saturday Review* agreed substantially with this: 'Not a few Italians suggest that the Zaniboni-Capello plot has been greatly exaggerated in order to strengthen Mussolini's position.' And the *New Statesman*, standing at the other extreme of London middle-class weeklies, chimed in: 'It is not certain, of course, that there was any real plot. According to some accounts, Zaniboni is a cranky person who was expelled from the Socialist Party some months ago and who has long been avowing his intention to kill the Dictator. Others regard the affair as what the Americans call a "frame-up" by the Fascisti designed to enhance Mussolini's popularity and provide an excuse for further persecutions.'

Be this as it may, the effect of the incident was to encourage demonstrations of already overexcited National-

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ism at several points. At Trieste a Fascist mob wrecked the offices of a Slovenian paper, whereupon the Slavs resorted to prompt reprisals on Italians both in Trieste and in Zagreb and other Yugoslav towns. Official regrets were promptly interchanged between Belgrade and Rome, but relations between Yugoslavia and Italy, which promised for a time to improve, have been considerably clouded of late. Mussolini's belligerent speeches and various acts of the Fascisti have caused intense indignation in the former country, as well as uneasiness in Turkey. Even as cautious a journal as the Conservative *Saturday Review* observes: 'There may be no truth in the alleged Italo-Russian treaty against Turkey, but the fact remains that the Italians are building bases in the Eastern Mediterranean.'

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LLOYD GEORGE ON PROHIBITION

HAVING developed a land policy looking toward the revival of a British yeomanry and the abolition of large estates, the Liberals propose next to attack the drink question. This is likely to prove a thorny subject, however, upon which opinion does not conform to existing Party lines. Lloyd George, while not committing himself to Prohibition, appears to be coquetting with such a project. He has argued in his recent speeches that under Prohibition the United States has become the most prosperous country in the world, thus concentrating attention upon the economic side of the argument. In a speech delivered to a crowded demonstration at the City Temple in London last month, he declared: —

'We have a million and a half people living on the bounty of the State, and our trade is down. We have an adverse trade-balance for the first time in our history. Why? Because last year we spent 316 millions on alcoholic liquor — more than the interest on our National Debt, which came to 305 millions.

'Drink doubles the burden of our debt. It is idle to say that this expenditure is on Excise. Take away the duty and it comes to 179 millions, while the annual national expenditure on bread is only 80 millions, that on milk 76 millions, and that on education 82 millions.

'This means that a twelfth of our national income is spent on alcoholic liquor, and that the nation has to work hard for a full month of the year to pay for the drink. If you want better trade, get rid of the 300 million odd you spend on drink every year. There is the enemy, not the trade-unions.

'The hundred and ten millions of the population of the United States are so strong on the point that not one of the three great political parties dared to put the abolition of Prohibition in its programme at the last election. And I can assure you that there are good politicians in America — they can beat us to fits. Alcohol is death's best canvassing agent. Say what you will, this experiment in Prohibition is one that we ought to investigate.'

Meanwhile the United Kingdom Alliance is launching a campaign in favor of local option. The presiding officer, at a recent conference of this body in Manchester, spoke of that policy as 'the shortest way to Prohibition.' He objected to proposals to nationalize the liquor traffic on the ground that wherever this theory was applied, as it had been to some extent in the Carlisle system, the effect had been to arouse the cupidity of the authorities, who found themselves tempted, in their search for revenue, to indulge in a system of small profits and quick returns designed to encourage the sale and consumption of liquor.

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Simultaneously with this broaching of the subject by advocates of restriction, contrary arguments are appearing in the British press ranging all the way from extensive serials picturing our own country in a rather appalling light, as hopelessly corrupted and debauched by Prohibition, to pungent paragraphs describing the alleged disastrous effect of its partial application in the Baltic countries.

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MINOR NOTES

'For the first time in many years,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, 'the population of Attica is now less than half Albanian. A purely Greek majority is now in residence, thanks to the large-scale exchange of peoples which has been going on between Greece and Turkey.' According to an Athens correspondent of that paper, the newcomers are mostly active and energetic people, who are forced by circumstances to be resourceful and industrious if they were not so by nature. The population of Athens itself has about doubled. This new competition is spurring the natives themselves to greater energy. 'The leisurely days of King Constantine, when sudden windfalls from a fluctuating exchange saved months of regular labor, are over; the happy times when men dreamed of Saint Sophia, and sent an army to take it that was inadequately armed and incompetently led, have vanished before the stern realities of the necessity of earning an honest living.' This sobering tendency is observable also in politics. Public careers are no longer regarded as decorative appanages of easy-going wealth, but as busy and exacting employments. 'What impresses one most is that Greece at last has a real democracy. The Republic is now one of reality because the Greeks are now realists.'

AS FRENCH NATIONALISTS SEE IT

'To think that this Locarno arrangement may end in disarmament!'

'What! Disarmament — like the Boches?'

— *Œuvre*, Paris

AN ORIENTAL OPINION

THE POWERS. 'Here, do you want all the bed for yourself?'

— *Japan Times*, Tokyo

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DEMOCRACY AND FOREIGN POLICY[1]

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M. P.

THE general peace of the world and the smooth working of the nations together must forever be one of the chief concerns of democracies. That after the last war we should all be armed to the teeth in a vain attempt to be secure, that our national industries should be loaded with excessive burdens of taxation in order to pay for armaments which, as has been proved with such dramatic force, when used to the very utmost bring no comfort or tranquillity either to victors or vanquished, is one of those queer irrational futilities in which nations indulge when they have neither the courage nor the wisdom to follow the straight ways of simple common-sense.

At the root of this tragedy lies the fact that the conduct of foreign affairs in most States has been left to over-specialized departments and to the very small group of men who staff these departments, or who are foreign secretaries and ministers of war. Thus a sort of priesthood, protected by all the superstitions and the taboos that frightened our cavemen ancestors, has grown up to conduct foreign affairs. Diplomatic staffs pride themselves on the fact that they know nothing of politics and of public opinion. In rectitude and devotion to their duties, in knowledge of their work and in their single-minded interest in it, they are unsurpassed.

As servants and advisers they are a comfort and a security, and the man who would do anything but value them beyond words can only confess his own incapacity to the world. But without a firmly controlling public opinion these departments tend to become a menace to peace. Their pride in their efficiency makes them put that efficiency before national concern, though they would stoutly maintain that national concern is the one thing they keep before them. In that plea they are right: the error lies in the fact that in foreign affairs the democracies so rarely and imperfectly show what that concern is. Diplomacy as an over-specialized profession living in a limited world of its own, working upon its own notions of national honor, self-respect, and prestige, cannot in the end avoid war.

Therefore it is that from time to time new ways of controlling Foreign Offices are proposed, with the object of keeping them in touch with popular psychology and the opinions of the democracies, and so severely to limit what in some States has become the almost sovereign authority of Foreign Offices, War Offices, or Admiralties.

The American system of treaty ratification by the Senate and discussion and consultation with a Foreign Relations Committee is, with modifications necessary by reason of the special features of the American Constitution, generally taken as a basis. Roughly, what is aimed at is a committee which will be consultative, but which will leave the Foreign Secretary absolutely responsible for decisions, and then a ref-

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *November* 1

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erence to the House of Commons of all treaties or instruments imposing obligations upon the country. To an outsider, at any rate, it does appear as though the American arrangement of absolute check could not work if America were more closely concerned with European politics, with their give-and-take and the necessity of making, not the best conceivable, but the best possible, bargains. A two-thirds majority in a body that was not responsible for negotiating, but is possessed of the power to destroy, would never work in European conditions. Lord Bryce quite properly wrote when discussing objections to the powers of the Senate in treaty-making, 'The answer is that America is not Europe.'

Our European needs require, I think, that whatever may be the authority that has the power of final ratification must be of the same political complexion as the responsible government. That ratifying authority must not be a body hostile to the government or independent of the government so as to take from the government its responsibilities, or, what is much worse, leave the government with its responsibility but deprive it of the exercise of its will. Its function rather should be to exercise a freedom of criticism and pressure in accordance with manifested public opinion. What is wanted is something that will be an instrument in the hands of the constituencies rather than in those of political parties for the purpose of making governments aware of the limits of their power to do just what they like. That is the justification for the Foreign Relations Committee which has found a place in the parliamentary machinery of every important European State except our own.

On general principles it is most desirable that foreign policy should not be revolutionized every time that a government changes, but, as I have frequently pointed out, those principles are subject to many important exceptions. Supposing, for instance, that a Labor government were to succeed a Conservative government that had been pursuing the policy of military alliance and had been taking on obligations which allowed foreign States to pursue courses that must lead to war, it would be the duty of the new government to end such a policy.

Then would arise the problem of how to handle such a situation, and upon that all I say is that the manner of doing it would distinguish an efficient from an inefficient foreign minister. When the present Government came into office, it made changes for the sake of showing that it was a new government, and that it did not share any of our progressive views; but that was a bad example which ought not to be copied. Had a consultative committee been in existence, some of these mistakes might have been avoided, because such a committee, changing its balance of views without changing the whole of its personnel, would tend to maintain just that amount of continuity which is good, while making the alterations that are necessary to express the differences in outlook of the incomers. Not only would the foreign minister have to report his intentions to it, and thus be prevented from doing what was obviously reprehensible, but the advice it could give from its experience would be invaluable to him in making up his mind as to his course of action.

What we have to aim at is to secure for foreign policy some intelligent public interest, and at the same time, while in no way weakening the responsibility of ministers and cabinets, set up some machinery which meets the fact that governments under democracies are not only responsible but should also be

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representative. Of responsibility we hear much, of representation we hear little; but democracy demands both. Self-government is not secure when the hand of external authority is removed from a people; if an official function and its staff rule the people whom circumstances then compel to obey, that people can hardly be termed self-governing. The powers of the American Senate could only be given in this country to the body that creates the responsible government, but the Foreign Relations Committee might well be engrafted upon our expedients to make governments representative as well as responsible.

THE VANISHING PLEASANTNESS OF EUROPEAN LIFE[1]

BY ANDRÉ MOUFFLET

[LAST week we published an Oxford article on 'The Pleasantness of European Life.' This week we present another view of this subject, by a French writer.]

'BUTTER has gone up again.'

'We are no longer able to keep an apartment or to employ a servant.'

'Well, as for me, I have n't been at a theatre for so long that I don't know what it seems like.'

'Umph! What do you want? Those are things for the nouveaux riches.'

'Say, I've seen eggs for ten centimes apiece.'

'And to think it's the same everywhere.'

'Ah, that detestable war!'

We live in a chorus of these lamentations. Some dwell on the comfort and happiness of the good old times before 1914. Others condemn our present manners and declaim bitterly against our unscrupulous profiteers. Many deplore the frivolity, the lack of seriousness, of the new generation, its indifference to solid attainments and skill and scholarship, its devotion to pleasure. Good people are distressed over the decadence of our morals and manners. They say that courtesy, modesty, respect for authority, have vanished, that the young folks of to-day are wayward, abnormal, and more or less degenerate.

The human race has known periods of crisis, distress, misery, and decadence in the past. The break-up of the Roman Empire, the wars of the Reformation, the French Revolution, were all periods of turmoil and disaster, when wealth diminished, old ways of living disappeared, and revered institutions vanished. But our forefathers survived all that, and after a period of bewilderment and uncertainty recovered their courage and set about restoring what had been destroyed. Why should our situation seem so much worse? Why is our discouragement so much deeper? Has our present distress lasted longer? By no means. The overthrow of the ancient Mediterranean civilization and the barbarian invasions took centuries. Europe was

[1] From *La Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *October* 17

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completely upset from 1789 to 1815, twenty-six years of suffering and agony. And it is only eleven years since the mobilization of August 1914.

Has our traditional social structure been shattered? Have our social and political hierarchies, recognized by long-established custom, been overthrown? Certainly not in France. Yet that has happened on previous occasions. Consider how completely the government and the ruling class of the ancient régime were swept away and replaced by the new government of the Revolution. Consider what happened when the Restoration followed the Empire. We saw similar profound changes in 1830, in 1848, in 1851, and in 1870.

Has there, then, been a universal shifting of wealth? Not to an extraordinary extent. We have our profiteers and our newly rich. But has not our Great Revolution been summarized as a huge transfer of property from its ancient possessors to new holders? Our middle classes are indignant at seeing salesmen and artisans sharing the pleasures and luxuries they formerly considered their own monoply, and occupying the loges of the theatres while they must retire to the second balcony. But our great-grandfathers were even more scandalized when the commons installed themselves in their chateaux and hunting-lodges and sacrilegiously seized the sacred posts of government. Have our manners become corrupted and debased? Consider those of the last Empire, those of the Directory.

What, then, is there particularly new in our present crisis? First let us ask if this crisis would have befallen us had there been no war. It is easy enough to indulge in vain speculations on such subjects, to imagine what might have happened if Cæsar had not crossed the Rubicon. But we have some symptoms to show whither the world was drifting in 1914.

The characteristic feature of the nineteenth century was the quest of quantity — quantity in every field of human effort. Big factories, big shops, standardized production, were all symptoms of this universal urge toward bigness. But it was not enough simply to produce. Outlets must be found for these augmented products. The public must be persuaded that it needed things it had got along very well without before. Advertising assumed enormous dimensions and began to standardize human needs. We are no longer free agents. We go about in a constant state of hypnosis, dominated by suggestive desires to eat so and so's chocolate, to own so and so's typewriter, to have electricity and sanitary plumbing in our homes, to see X. at the theatre. These are needs that we do not conceive of our own motion; they are created for us and thrust upon our minds.

This system, which worked miracles in trade, has come to be applied to all the activities of life. The nineteenth century has bequeathed us, together with ready-made clothing, gimcracks of every kind, and wholesale facilities for transportation, likewise universal suffrage, universal military service, compulsory school-attendance. Politics have modeled themselves upon merchandising. Modern trade must have an economic man who consumes vast quantities of things, all of them exactly alike. Modern governments need a political man with standardized opinions, who supports a political party and votes like the rank and file of his fellow citizens. Children are taught official history and official morals from the time they enter the public schools. The penny newspaper continues the work, filling the minds of the populace with simple, formulistic

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catch-phrases, and standardizing public taste and public thought. Those of opposing views naturally employ the same method. This new spirit and this new practice run through every sphere of intellectual and artistic life — books, pictures, music. To-day we launch a novel or a patent medicine by precisely the same methods.

In a word, the mathematical limit toward which the nineteenth century tended was a consumer of a perfectly standardized and unvarying type.

This tendency was accelerated by the World War. For more than four years millions of men of every country between the ages of eighteen and fifty were gathered on the different fighting-fronts. There they fought shoulder to shoulder, a mélange of all ages, races, and social classes, under absolutely standardized conditions. All of them were simultaneously separated from comfort and pleasure, and subjected to the same hardships and privations. Even the population that was not under arms had its consumption restricted, and this phenomenon gradually spread from the belligerent nations to the neutrals, even to the remote Antipodes. When the war ended, consequently, everybody rushed pell-mell to get the comforts and luxuries of which he had been deprived for so long. All wanted the same things at the same moment.

For the World War created a scarcity of the very articles that are essential for material comfort — food, clothing, lodging, fuel. Therefore the masses wanted better food, better clothing, a higher standard of living, for the very reason that they had been deprived in whole or in part of these things for a long period.

The war robbed us of our normal pleasures. So naturally an abnormal craving for pleasure existed after this period of abstinence. Moreover, thirst for pleasure can be quickly gratified. It is easier to open a dance-hall or a theatre than to build and equip a factory. Normal people of different ages ordinarily desire different pleasures. That is true to a less degree to-day. During the war the man of forty-five was subjected to the same restraints and privations as the boy of eighteen, and his reaction to these restraints and privations was much the same. Formerly when a man reached thirty or forty years of age he was surfeited with the pleasures craved by the young, and set an example of maturer tastes to the oncoming generation. To-day that counterpoise is lacking. The men deprived of their youth during the war sought to recapture it after they left the service, so that their example encouraged rather than restrained their juniors.

But all these gratifications cost ready money. As a result, money attains new value. It becomes more than ever the universal object of endeavor. To be sure, that has been true to a great extent in every age. The word *arriviste* dates from before the war. But eagerness in the pursuit of money and the success it represents is keener than ever. What do we mean by success? The word has many definitions. It is a relative term. For a writer it might mean earning a hundred thousand francs a year; for a manufacturer an income of only one hundred thousand francs is poverty — he wants three million. But whatever the measure of success, it is only exceptionally attained in any sphere of life. Hard, persevering labor is the normal lot of man. Is there any new panacea to change this? Hardly. It is in the vain effort to discover some panacea that so many resort to blatant advertising, shifty devices barely within the margin of the law, and breaches of every canon of social and commercial morality.

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In substance, this condition is only a new application of the eternal law of supply and demand which no parliament can repeal. Whenever a thousand people want the same thing and the supply is sufficient for only nine hundred, there is discontent. If the supply is sufficient for only five hundred, there is a crisis. But if each one of these thousand people has set his heart on a different object, no crisis occurs. That is why your standardized consumer becomes a disease.

This is the fundamental cause of the world's present disequilibrium. In order to sell a vast number of articles fabricated by quantity production, we have tried to make people of every social class, of every race and clime, exactly alike — to create in them identical wants. We have violated the great law of life that progress consists in differentiation. We have become differentiated as producers, — too much so, perhaps, as pieceworkers and machine-tenders, — but we have ceased to be differentiated as consumers. The war has accelerated this evolution in both directions.

So there you are. Our false marketing-policy flies in the face of the law that it is easier to create needs than to satisfy them. We are like the magician's apprentice in the fairy tale who discovered the magic formula for having water brought to him but forgot the wizard word that stopped the supply, and was swept away in an inundation.

We may anticipate that this period of mercantile materialism will endure for many years. The quantity madness, the mirage of a happiness to be attained by industrial processes, will enthrall us for a long time to come. Too many interests demand it. To stop in full course, to reverse our present orbit, is to assume a clairvoyance and resolution of which the masses are incapable. Those masses never learn until they have suffered long and bitterly. They give birth to new ideas only in torment. But the time will come when they will pray ardently for a remedy. Then the world will call for a leader to incorporate the new aspirations of humanity, the new faith that will lead men out of their trouble and travail.

What will he tell them?

Nothing but ancient truths stated in new words comprehensible to the people of that age. And his message will be in substance this: 'You have taken the wrong road. Two possibilities lie before you — to gratify your desires, or to limit your desires. You will never escape this dilemma. It has existed ever since the world began. The first alternative is illusive. Your desires grow as rapidly as do the means of gratifying them. That course means wandering forever in a circle. It fails because it ought to fail. Man is never satisfied. He always wants something; and as he is never happy as long as he wants things, his life becomes a perpetual pursuit of the unattainable.

'Only the second solution is wise. It is the one that all philosophies and religions, all the ancient disciplines that have sought to keep man in the straight path and to control his appetites, have instinctively adopted.

'The present world has mistaken the purpose of life, which is not conquest, for that is invariably ephemeral; which is not material pleasures, for they are equally evanescent; but is a state of moral equilibrium and perfection. The ills of our sadly afflicted and nerve-racked race can be healed only by a doctrine of renunciation.'

This is what that prophet of a future age will say. Will he fortify his doctrine by religion, by pure reason, by æsthetic ideals, or by hygienic necessity? That is a secret that only the future will reveal.

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KRUPPS IN THE STEPPE[1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

I HAVE just spent several days at the great Krupp concession in the territory of the Don Cossacks. It was in the midst of the harvest season — a harvest on the boundless prairies, where there is nothing but open land and sky, where a haystack looks like a mountain on the horizon. I have seen great crops of rye, wheat, hay, forage, maize, beets, melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes. One immense field of fine, big-leafed, bluish-green plants was producing castor beans.

I was not expecting to find a great steel plant — or an arsenal as some shrewd strangers have suspected — in this outlying part of Russia, for I already knew something of the origin of the enterprise. The people at Essen were not particularly eager for a concession in Soviet Russia. They were approached by others with proposals that promised a good profit, without undue risk, upon an investment that the firm was well able to venture. A couple of good harvests like the one this year will make the concession a going enterprise.

It is essentially a frontier undertaking. Thousands and thousands of acres of fertile prairie that have never felt the touch of a plough extend on every side. A picture of Kant hangs in the office of the manager. He himself is a member of the Kant Society, and quoted to me Faust's opinion that the highest human service is to subdue new fields for the use of man.

It takes idealism and a categorical imperative to make such men exile themselves here. The little colony of Germans and German-Russians that is supervising the enterprise lives as it might upon a desert island. The members have no society but their own. The nearest Cossack *stanitsa* is some ten miles away, and is merely a straggling native village. To find the concession on a map one must look for a point some one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Rostov-on-the-Don, and on the bank of the Manytch River. It embraces seventy-five thousand acres of good virgin prairie soil, yielding this year twenty-five bushels of grain per acre. That is not a large crop compared with those produced on intensively cultivated farms in Western Europe, but it is an excellent return for this country. Between seven and eight thousand acres are already under plough, and additional land is being brought into cultivation every year.

The terms of the concession granted by the Soviet Government, which runs for thirty-five years, do not vary from those prescribed in other instances of this kind. A certain per cent of the crop must be turned over to the Government either in produce or in money. This takes the place of taxes. The remainder may be sold either in the domestic or the foreign market. If sold at home, it must be within a maximum price fixed by the authorities. Since this generally ranges above the market price, however, the crops are really sold to competitive buyers. There is

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung Wochenblatt* (Liberal weekly), *September* 24

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nothing to prevent holding crops for better prices if the Company desires to sacrifice the Government bounty for early threshing. On the whole, the producer is as well off as he was before the war when a big French grain firm had a practical monopoly of the business in this part of Russia, and fixed prices at its discretion. There is direct railway communication with both Rostov-on-the-Don and Novorossiysk. The managers contemplate laying a portable track nine miles long to the nearest station, as the cheapest way of getting the crop to that point.

Before the entire area can be brought under cultivation, it will be necessary to decentralize the management. To-day all operations are conducted from a single headquarters, developed during the last two years from the little farmstead of an earlier tenant. The land was never private property, but belonged to the domain of the Don Cossacks, and in the days of the Tsars was a horse ranch for the army. This is a matter of some importance, for a person who receives a concession in Russia to-day generally finds it prudent to make arrangements with the former owners of the property, in order to insure himself against embarrassing claims if a change of government occurs.

The Krupps intend to bring most of the land under cultivation. A little may be used for grazing sheep. Except in years of exceptional drought, the steppe is covered with a heavy growth of herbage. The only live stock kept at present consists of draft animals and milch cows, of which there is a considerable number. They are pastured on the prairie during the day and driven back to the barns at night.

A visitor first realizes that he is on the border between Europe and Asia when he sees the hands employed upon the estate. Kalmucks driving little carts drawn by magnificent yokes of oxen were bringing in grain from the threshers, which were working far away in the fields. They made a long procession across the steppe, broken here and there by swaying camels. Many of these Kalmucks come from a long distance to work during the harvest. Sleeping-sheds are provided for them, but they mostly prefer to camp out in tents with their families on the open steppe. Even permanent hands, who are housed in good modern dwellings, prefer to build their native fireplaces for cooking in the open air.

Naturally the managers of the estate are scientific farmers. The land is fertile, but not equally suitable for all classes of crops. Whatever cultivation had been undertaken previously was done in a very primitive way, and proved nothing as to the quality of the soil. So an experimental station and a forestry school have been established. Before any crop is planted on a large scale it is first tested out carefully on a small allotment. Great attention has been given to seed-selection. In fact, raising seed for the peasants in this part of Russia may develop into an important branch of the business. Promising experiments have been made with sugar beets. If they succeed, as they seem likely to do, a sugar mill will be erected. Some of the most interesting work is being done with potatoes — a vegetable that is almost unknown in this part of Russia, and that, if successfully introduced, may prove a most important source of food for the population.

Naturally the Krupps would not have taken up a great farming-proposition like this had they not been interested in the manufacture of agricultural machinery. The concession is a sort of connecting link between agriculture and industry. A large repair-shop has already been erected with a

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complete technical staff. In addition to making the repairs needed on the place itself, this establishment is already manufacturing new machines. I saw a hay press that had been entirely built there, even to the castings. Since it promises to be cheaper to manufacture agricultural machinery on the ground than to import it from Western Europe, this business is likely to grow and gradually to build up a large market for itself in the neighboring provinces.

No foreigners except foremen and specialists are employed. All the houses, workshops, and barns have been built with local labor. A brickyard has been started and a quarry opened from which material for bridges is obtained. Timber is the only structural material that must be brought from a distance, and the people at the forestry school look forward to the time when even that will be produced at home.

The concession is obligated to comply with the social legislation of the Soviet Government. This has proved embarrassing in some cases, and caused difficulties for a time. But the managers have accommodated themselves to the situation and things are now running smoothly. In fact, the estate is already a sort of model farm for the whole district north of the Caucasus, where there are immense areas of virtually undeveloped land.

I saw the concession in the harvest season. Most of the fields were already in the stubble. When I left, the manager said hospitably: 'Come back again when you can see the country in all its glory — when our six-hundred-acre field of sunflowers is in bloom, when the flax is blue with blossoms, and when wild tulips carpet yonder steppe.'

ANGLO-SAXONS AND FRENCH MANNERS[1]

BY MARCEL PILLON

THIS slightly fanciful definition of a Frenchman was once a current pleasantry: 'A gentleman with a decoration, who insists on having bread, and is ignorant of geography.' To-day he is more than ever a gentleman with a decoration, although the tiny ribbon he now wears is so modest that it makes a scarcely noticeable dot of color in his buttonhole. He eats much less bread than he formerly did, and often does not insist upon having it. And he has acquired a smattering of geography that prevents his locating Rumania outside of Europe and Syria next door to the Congo. But it is not fair to make too much fun of the Frenchman, because he is temperamentally such an inveterate mocker that he is only too glad to laugh at himself. Other nations have different failings, and unfortunately they are overrunning our country to such an extent that they are communicating these failings to us, without giving us the pleasure of seeing them carry off our own.

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *November 2*

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There was a time when we French justly enjoyed the reputation of being an intellectual people. History records the numerous salons where they delighted in conversing wittily and eloquently upon art, literature, and similar themes. Every social gathering became a joust of bon mots and good-natured banter. We likewise cultivated our physiques, but not at the cost of our brains. But the Anglo-Saxons appeared and imposed their sports upon us. From that date we lost the art of entertaining conversation, of good cooking, of gayety, and of appreciating wine — for laughter and wine are brothers. Sport killed these things. For incontestably we no longer know how to laugh or to drink the way our fathers did. The old French *gaieté*, famous the world over, has outlived its day. A wave of gloom submerges us. We are not temperamentally fitted for cocktails, dancing, and jazz. We like to do things on their proper occasions, and not to dance between two courses at luncheon or dinner. These are exotic manners, offensive to our tastes and habits.

Unfortunately, we do not resist contagions, and fall easy victims to foreign customs that sit exceedingly ill upon us. Your Anglo-Saxon is self-centred and self-sufficient. He loves his ease and cultivates his hobbies. He carries the latter with him instead of leaving them behind him at his frontier. They cling to him like his clothes. Without them life would not be life to him. He assumes that he is at home wherever he may be. He does not accommodate himself to foreign ways, but forces foreigners to adopt his own. If he does not find the things he is accustomed to in the country where he goes or along the route thither, he sets about introducing them at once.

Thus it is that a whole series of alien habits has been thrust upon us and has upset our whole scheme of life. We used to take luncheon at midday and dine at seven o'clock. The Anglo-Americans come, and, being in the habit of having meals at slightly later hours, they persuade us that it is not chic to eat at the time we formerly did, and so we now take luncheon at one o'clock and dine at eight — unless it be at nine.

Thirty years ago, when a Frenchman or a Frenchwoman felt hungry in the afternoon, he or she entered a pastry shop, drank a small glass of port, Alicante, or Frontignac, and ate two or three little pastries. That was good form. But it was French, and not Anglo-American.

The English and the Americans show that Danton was mistaken. They always carry a little of their fatherland around on their boots. They prefer tea, their national drink, to our liqueurs, and cake, toast, and muffins to our *gâteaux*. So they impose those things upon us, and under their influence our good old French fashions are becoming Anglo-Saxon. We no longer meet socially in the afternoon without the conventional cup of tea.

It is the same with our sports. Our national games have given way to boxing, football, and golf. And these have brought with them their own codes of conduct, their habits of life, to modify our national character. The young people of to-day bear no resemblance whatever to the young people of our own youth, and, as we are instinctively *laudatores temporis acti*, we regard the transformation as by no means fortunate.

These violent and brutal sports have robbed our race of its most characteristic and excellent qualities — courtesy and amiability. Those were distinctively French virtues, precious qualities for which we were universally envied,

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and which we owed to our Latin heritage. We should not forget that we French naturally crave sentimental emotions. We must be vibrant, thrilled, immersed in some hobby, in love. In this realm of the emotions, above all, Anglo-American influence has not been happy, especially as it has affected our young women. It has brought us bobbed hair, masculine manners, and flirting — something that rarely leads to matrimony, and still more rarely to happy matrimony. Anglo-Saxon flirting may be all right in England and America, but it is all wrong in France. Moreover, across the Channel and on the other side of the Atlantic laws and social customs protect the flirting girl, but our moral and social codes make no provision for her.

Anglo-Saxon ideas have also upset our system of bringing up children. They have substituted the nursery for the fireside. With a few rare exceptions, children were formerly brought up by their mothers. It was the mother who took care of the baby; she never left it entirely in the hands of a nurse. It was the mother who made the child's clothing, taught it its first steps, watched over the awakening of its intellectual faculties, presided at the birth of its first notions of tenderness, of common-sense, of kindness. The nursery system would be all right if it did not separate the child from its parents, but how many mothers of our present generation leave the task of forming the minds and the hearts of their little ones entirely to strangers!

We have no reason to wonder, therefore, that our society has become chaotic, that our dispositions and our manners have suffered appallingly by the adoption of alien ways. Our intellectual vigor is on the wane. Our moral standards no longer draw strength from the taproots of our race. We scarcely recognize ourselves as Frenchmen. In the giddy whirl of internationalism that has swept us off our feet we have lost our most fundamental qualities — our moderation, our sense of measure, our good taste. Copying the Anglo-Saxons, who love superlatives, we no longer draw fine distinctions as to the true values of things, and let ourselves be carried to extremes.

I have no desire to reverse the course of history even if I could do so. But it would be well if we were to bethink ourselves in time and return to our native traditions and manners. Then we could say with confidence, when we meet a man upon the street: 'He is at least a Frenchman.' When we can do that once more, France will again be a factor in civilization.

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THE MONTH OF MUHARRAM[1]

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

A CALIPH was once treacherously slain as he lay with his forehead to the earth in prayer, and having wrought his death the same foes also struck off the head of his son, who, burning with thirst after the heat of battle, had sought an oasis in the desert. The caliph was Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, and his two sons were Hussein and Hassan.

It is a thousand and three hundred years since these men were swept from the earth, and yet, thirteen centuries afterward, the anniversary of their death, especially that of Hussein, is celebrated with extravagant devotion for a whole month every year. In the month of Muharram, the first of the Mohammedan calendar and the month of mourning for Hussein, a feeling of death and horror broods over the Persians like a heavy cloud. The days preceding this month seem to have no existence of their own and to be mere preparation. Everything previous is quiescence and dull expectation, only a dream and an existence in floating clouds. The night comes to an end, the dawn of reality begins, a reality that impresses on one the suspense, the mass effect, of gestures and unspoken words.

One evening — one of those Teheran August evenings full of dark warmth, in which the blaze of the day is forgotten — I heard from afar the irregular singing of a great throng of men, and at definite intervals of time a remarkable clapping noise accompanied by ecstatic shouts in chorus. Slowly the crowd drew nearer. They were for the most part young men, some of them even boys, dressed in close-fitting jackets and long hose of cheap black satin. In front the jackets were unbuttoned, leaving their breasts bare. The singing might be called barbaric, forced out from the throats of men whose enthusiasm has swept them out of themselves. The words describe that ancient Arabian murder, and the name Hussein breaks out perpetually in a cry of despair, with a note of accusation in it. Their leader, a man with a narrow, fanatical face, bloodless lips, and blazing eyes, lifts both his hands high and brings them down resounding upon his naked breast. The black-clothed men follow him automatically, and with the haunting exclamation '*Hag!*' a hundred hands come agonizingly down and crash eagerly upon the bared flesh again and again and again. 'Hag' means 'the Truth,' and is one of the Persian appellations of God.

The Persians are opening a period of martyrdom in memory of the slain warrior Hussein. In the first days of Muharram the processions pass through the whole city and through all the other towns and villages of Persia. The daily mourning has now found a definite object, and they rejoice with painful abandon.

This is the introductory note. The singing and smiting processions by degrees become an ordinary picture. In the evening you may hear their cries from all directions, and where they pass there are little groups of black-veiled

[1] From the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily)

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women standing in motionless fascination, from behind whose thick veils rise passionate and heartfelt sobs.

The month of Muharram goes on. The evening processions nourish their own melancholy. Now swords begin to gleam in the hands of the black-clad mourners, whose stride grows more rhythmic and already begins to resemble a sensuous-cult dance. They sway as they walk, they move sidewise and waver along with their arms locked, striding onward and groaning as if convulsively obeying some invisible command. One note is common to them all — the spirit of obedience to a sovereign and inscrutable power.

Now the celebration of the solemn mourning spreads its wings further. The bustle in the bazaars is marked by a nervous tension. In every street the air of expectation takes on an almost physical reality among all the men. Carpets hang in front of the shops and along the walls of the houses. The singing of the dervishes is to be heard in the streets more frequently than formerly. The words of the balladlike songs are passionate and bloody. The faces of bearded men are bowed with suppressed weeping for the death of Ali and Hussein. The lamentations of the women are less restrained, and burst out with a single outcry like a chorus at the saddest parts of the songs. Ceremonial lights and torches gleam by night beside the holy springs.

On the evening before the tenth day of the month of Muharram a deep stillness falls upon the city. The tumult of the streets sinks away and vanishes. Movement is confined to dark corners. Peddlers no longer go through the streets shrieking out their wares; none of the innumerable carriages sets up its rattle on the driveways. The shops close, men press back hastily and noiselessly into the shadows of the walls, under the houses. For the first time in ten days the shouts and song and smiting of the breasts and weeping of the penitential processions are no longer audible. Everything is silent as in a magic city that seems to breathe and live for one sacred morning alone. The only creatures that keep up the dismal life of every day unbroken are the innumerable masterless dogs who whine and bay in the empty darkness as they do on every other night and every other day in a Persian city.

The great day — the tenth day of Muharram — begins in the gray dawn. I have left my house before sunrise, in the same stillness as the evening before. All the men on the street to-day are going in the same direction. I see one man in the white robe of a penitent, his head shaved bare, bowed over, moving with long and hasty steps to the scene of the martyrdom. I recognize him. Yesterday he was marching with singing men and banners all around him through the door of a mosque, and amid the hum of the litany was smiting himself on the head with a white staff. He is one of the conservators. He has been set apart to shed his blood in memory of Hussein. I glance into the big tent near my dwelling, which has been erected in the last few days, and see my water-carrier also clad in white penitential garments and girt with a sword. A friend — likewise a water-carrier and one of the poorest — with tender care is setting right a fold in his garment.

A broad alley of elms — one of the principal streets of Teheran. On one side squat women by hundreds and hundreds, wearing the black chuddar, the usual street-garment. Sometimes a young and beautiful face gleams out from behind the stiff veil, coldly dreaming with as much self-love as devotion. On the other side the men are standing and sitting. The centre of the street is open. Wandering troops of men in

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white garments pass silent, bareheaded, with naked swords in their hands. They are coming from all parts of the city, and their object is a great square in front of the bazaar. The black-clothed youths of the last few days emerge, but at their girdles clatter iron chains with which they will flog themselves bloodily.

Then the ceremonial chant begins. It rises from all the deeps of passion here assembled and goes from man to man with a new resonance added. There is a thin trumpet-blast from a child's horn, then cries from a distance, an outburst of singing. A tremor goes through the waiting throng, the women bend their bodies eagerly forward, anxiously listening. Again the strange accompanying trumpet-note. There is a trampling of horses, and a colorful procession of horsemen in fantastic Arab costumes comes slowly down the street in the shadow of the elms. These are the figures of the legend, the followers of Ali and Hussein. They are riding red horses and are magnificently dressed in silk and gleaming chain-mail, while from their ancient helmets plumes are waving; but in their faces is despair, despair as genuine as if they had just left the battlefield and were riding home from defeat, with their dead lord upon his bier. The dead master, Ali's son Hussein, is represented by a white doll, headless, with a bloody stump of a neck, carried by six men. Innumerable arrows are sticking in the body, while the pale, blood-streaked hands are raised stiffly upward. As the procession goes past, the women at the street-side burst out in loud and uncontrolled lament. Boys in mourning-garments, bareheaded, their faces smeared with clay in sign of mourning, follow the white, blood-streaked body shrieking and crying. The procession halts. The bier is carried back and forth, the boys running after it as if in hopeless confusion, without any order, and yet charmed into a definite chain by a common emotion.

Now the devotees in their white shrouds, the actual celebrants of the festival, approach by thousands with their swords. They slash bloody wounds in their heads until the blood runs down over their ecstatic faces and their white garments in broad streams, so that they seem intoxicated by their own blood as if by a precious drink, feeling no pain, and amid their hymnlike songs of mourning they rend the open wounds with their smiting hands. The blood is like some miracle long sought and long denied by some restraining command, as if in invisible streams it spreads far over the body of the martyr, over the whole motionless group of the people, red and real, like some unspeakable reality, bubbling over like a secret or like some long-tended flower which at the gardener's glance blooms at a predestined moment.

There is no more need to conceal secret desires. They emerge upon the red bands, from the souls of the dreaming people. They have found a means of awakening. A nameless sunrise calls them to high brightnesses. Blood and devotion, outcry, despair, and delight. They burst the framework of a spiritual mourning-ceremony and raise themselves far beyond the tears of a false mourning, over the tears of a rapture that is finding itself in a kingdom of mysterious breadth. Instinct and desire join. Mourning becomes intoxication and fulfillment. In this fulfillment man strides like a masterful being over the earth. His step is free, his knowledge is intoxication, and his world is a circle without edge.

These people, the men and women now sobbing here, rise in this drama of their own sovereign power, and, without knowing it, attain to the most in-

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ward thing of all — to the exposition of this power and to nothing else. 'I am god since I can exceed myself and rise.' These people, as I realize in a second, can devote themselves in any other day of the year to a mocking endurance.

Blood and singing, horns and flags, trumpets and mourning, are the visible, and an orgy of delight are the deep and the actual. The mourning has revealed their inner meaning. It is joy of the wisest kind.

The hours are passing. The blood-covered men have taken hands and are walking in a ceremonial chain. The 'hostile horsemen' ride along through them, dragging their pretended captives in chains behind them, the 'children of Hussein' stumbling along with lamentation, his wife with bound hands, the warrior's riderless horse, two white doves with which Hussein's children used to play in their father's dwelling. Many representations of Hussein's corpse are carried past in this procession, and the assassins whet their bloody swords and axes upon the headless trunk while the cry 'Ya Hussein!' mingles with the weeping of the participants and spectators.

I ask myself: What is mourning? And I answer: It is only expectation. This throng of sobbing human beings, so big that I cannot see them all, does not know this, and they believe that their lamentation is for a caliph's son who fell thirteen hundred years ago as thousands of others fell. They do not know that their mourning is only a device, perhaps a way to reach the hidden sources of self-affirmation which every nation and every individual needs. How, and under what circumstances, this affirmation is obtained is a matter of indifference before the bar of historical development, and the forms which its expression takes are sometimes peculiar and disproportionate. For one nation it is war, for another the dark quest of wisdom. For the Persians it is Muharram.

A soldier carries an unconscious, bloodstained man with a white shirt out of the diffident throng surging about him, and through the gateway of an old Imperial palace that waits with open doors for the celebrants of the martyrdom. Another is helped past by young men, while still another staggers with stumbling feet, solitary and alone, through the empty centre of the street, with stiff fingers, holding his red sword far ahead of him. Carriers with great casks of water hurry through the crowd and make their way into the Shah's palace, where the bloody men are bathed and their wounds bound up. In the silence that now usually follows, the horror vanishes, as happens in every human being and at every period after an overintense and quite unlimited experience.

Evening of the tenth day of Muharram. A profound transformation comes over every movement and every activity. It is all over. Everything is fulfilled. The intoxication is past and may slumber for another year. I myself am as tired as if I had taken part in the whole ceremonial and were wearing even now white bandages about my wounded head. I stretch out on the camp bed in the balcony. Down below in the dark street there is an outburst of singing — singing quite different from this morning's ecstasy, and quite different from the chants of the men who for the last few days have been smiting their breasts. In these tones there now rings out genuine mourning, lamentation without an undertone or any subsidiary purpose, restrained and diffident, a painful, hurt, and regretful melancholy. I lift myself up from the bed.

It is a group of young men and boys in black clothing as in the days just

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past, but they are no longer beating themselves. The thing they feared and looked for is over. With heavy wing-beats it has made its way out over the people below me.

Now they are holding weak little lights in their hands. They impersonate the mourning friends hunting for the body of the devoted warrior Hussein on the battlefield by night. The wild despair is over. Now there is only one thing left — to find the body of the beloved friend. They crouch upon the ground and sing of the death of the warrior, of the children of the Caliph's son who wait at home crying for their dead father. Then they rise, go a few steps, sink down again to glance about the ground for the body, and in undertones continue their mournful, disconsolate, monotonous song.

ART IN PARIS TO-DAY[1]

BY WILHELM UHDE

BRAQUE is *the* French painter of to-day. Between his early pictures, with their gleams of red light, and those which he is painting to-day lies his period of pure cubism. The diameter of his circle of development is greater than that of any other French painter of his period. Hand in hand with Picasso, he deserted the realm of beautiful appearances and invaded that other realm, to which Cézanne had already pointed the way, in which *things* are the only reality. His beautiful cubistic paintings are testimony to this intrepid expedition into infinite space. But the travelers came to the parting of the ways. While Picasso went on into the limitless, identifying the diameter of the world with that of his own potentialities, and acknowledging as his fatherland only its heart and its spirit, Braque came back home to earth, to the hearth, to the life of a French bourgeois and a French painter. The abundance of that alien experience was for him exhausted, and it was a tiny spot indeed that the universe now signified to him. Not that it was motionless, but that a finer rhythm held it in oscillation. In Braque's blood echoed a couple of tones, plastic melodies, which Chardin and Corot had already lived long enough to hear. And he had learned a great deal from his travels outward — this above all, that the *thing* is more significant than its appearance. That allied him, over the heads of Renoir and Bonnard, directly to Cézanne. As his predecessors of the Gothic style took the darkness and oppressiveness of great mass and made of it a sunny play of mounting lines and ornaments, so he took the gloomy heaviness of cubism and it became for him the sure and beautiful possibility of drawing and twisting a thing in space so that it is comprehensible and expressive of its essential nature. Musical instruments and fruits, for example, were beautifully perceived and beautifully represented. Chardin's peaches, Monet's oysters,

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October* 15

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Cézanne's apples, belong to the same family. In his lonely house on the outskirts of the great city, Braque hammered away, confident of the greatness of his artistic ancestors, dedicated with severe fidelity to their tradition, like a goldsmith of the old days hammering at the costly pieces of reality, which are so hard for the French to take in, since steady attention is more or less unnatural to them.

There was a time when people said 'Picasso and Braque' in a tone which implied that they painted in approximately the same way. That was never the case, not even in the period of pure cubism. They had for a long time the same goal and took the same route. But their temperaments were always dissimilar. Braque's temperament was cheerful, moderate, bourgeois; Picasso's, gloomy, unrestrained, and revolutionary. The sinister power of Uranus, his constellation, presided over his artistic destiny. Everything that is purely bourgeois must be outraged by him. The bourgeois painter exclaims in despair: 'I meet him with an open countenance, but he comes to me with shawls and masks. He comes to me today, and says, "I am red"; to-morrow, and says, "I am white." If he is friendly with me, it is only from the fear of being alone. He works at night because he has a horror of sleep. He is wholly lacking in kindliness, and never genuinely care-free — a swaggerer and a bully.' Perhaps, my dear bourgeois painter. But this is also true: Picasso is the greatest artistic spirit among the painters of the last hundred years.

The book that is ever to speak of this genius must not be profound and philosophical. Abstract ideas throw no light on this subject. The truly great are not, in the last analysis, to be understood in their complexity, but in the simplicity of their emotional make-up, and only in the simplest and clearest words should one speak of them. Recently Picasso said to me: 'You come so seldom; yet you know that I paint only for you and a handful of other men. In spite of this, you keep sending me a lot of people with whom I cannot get anywhere. They are always expecting something strange, something startling, something profound, in my conversation. I have no such talents, and, while I am annoyed, the people themselves are disillusioned.'

Picasso's pictures are not painted ideas. I cannot say how long I have known him — certainly for more than twenty years. In that time I have heard him say a great many witty and amusing things, but only one that was significant. And that *seems* so insignificant, sounds so self-evident: 'One must paint only what one loves.' Self-evident, no doubt, until one reflects that most painters love nothing — except perhaps their craft and their reputations. And yet so many men paint! Not to love a thing in its outward appearance, but in its essence; not to 'paint' (as a decorous painter, understand!) its exterior, but its intrinsic being; to represent the characteristic with an intensity that transcends the multifariousness of reality, directly (as in what is called the 'blue period' or the 'Ingres style'), or, what is more difficult and more sublime, indirectly (as in what is called 'cubism') — that is the problem of Picasso. Not to be content with being an eye and a painter, but, on the highest level, a man and an artist. As a preliminary condition, however, to be a very great painter.

The French tradition and Picasso — these are the two sources from which European painting is nourished in Paris, its centre. Yet outside of the influence of these two there are a few figures that have their significance. There is Chagall, in whom the ex-

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tremely Russian and the extremely Jewish are thoroughly mingled and become a great event in painting. Recently the danger has seemed to emerge that under the pretext of ennobling his quality he might seek favor with the mighty by means of the merely pretty and pleasing. Pascin has gradually achieved a genuine improvement of his material; he is a man who changed in Paris from a draftsman to a painter, a Heinrich Heine of painting, whose work is the intimate record of his life. He has founded for himself a court composed of clever young men and beautiful women, which he rules as a young king, which celebrates his rites in Montmartre with grace and amiable libertinage, and which along with his pictures of little girls spreads his reputation through the world.

All of these are names with which we are already familiar. What of the coming generation of to-day? We will speak, when exhibits and other opportunities serve, of the young men who inspire hope. Let just one thing be insisted upon here, in order to forestall misapprehensions and false pretenses: the Quartier Montparnasse has nothing to do with youthful Parisian painting. That Kisling, who won esteem and success in the struggle of his finer perceptions and experience against the Eastern tradition of his blood, that Per Krogh, the most charming, and Isaac Grunwald, the most famous, of Scandinavian painters, sit at the tables of the Café du Dôme and the Rotonde, and dance at the Jockey, does not alter a jot the fact that here everything hopelessly dull, dreary, and bourgeois in art has its home. Here sit, mingling with models and little dancers from Northern countries, too many Americans, carrying elegant and much-improved paint-boxes with them; here, leaning on spear-shaped tables, deriving from the East, — and mostly with changed names, — all those who, without the pressure of need or purpose, write, talk, and paint cleverly; here the old has-beens, who have eked out three quarters of their lives in the Café du Dôme,

IN THE CAFÉ DU DÔME

[*Berliner Tageblatt*]

in the confidence that their dealers at home will sell their increasingly weary and stereotyped reflections of French art with the magic word that the artist 'lives' in Paris.

Against the daily, hourly intrigues of the Montparnasse, Picasso, Braque, Henri Rousseau, Marie Laurencin, have steadily set themselves. Day and night people were here who, in order to lose no opportunity of influence and profit, hung about the central place on the terrace of the Café du Dôme, to convince museum-directors, collectors, dealers looking for work, for truth, that the artists mentioned were without any significance, ludicrous and shameless inventions of themselves and a few other stupid people. And although those artists have been triumphant for a long time, the hostile work of these un-Parisian, inartistic coffee-house tables goes on — somewhat more secretly, to be sure — against the new and the great. Here the most grotesque aspect

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of the art life of Paris ensnares the young foreigner in that more and more lofty art-talk which, according to Vlaminck's expression, always ends suddenly in the five-franc note — that is, in financial profit; here spread those shabby lies about the material impoverishment of Picasso, and Marie's frivolity and sociability; which only fall silent for moments when accidentally a sketch from the hand of the slandered comes into the slanderer's possession.

The single achievement of Montparnasse is the discovery of Utrillo, a painter of genius, — Picasso period, — who, beginning with a couple of inoffensive pieces in Pissarro's feebler vein, suddenly reached, in the midst of thousands of mediocre impressionistic canvases, a surprising altitude in the sphere of strong plastic quality, only to fall at last into the banality of varied and planless coloring. An interesting phenomenon, born into the world too late, — or too early, — and not to be understood in terms of time, or explained by his rare and apparently accidental high-points.

If one excepts Walter Bondy, whose decorous but belated art is explained by an honorable relationship, through natural affinity, with Utrillo, and if one ignores in others a natural and comprehensible interest in dealers, the demonstrative exaggeration of Utrillo's importance (in the Café du Dôme you may hear it said seriously every day that he is greater than Cézanne and Van Gogh) may be reduced to this — that with him one might prolong the sway of impressionism to-day as if Picasso and Braque had never lived.

Similarly restricted is our information about the work of a still older painter, which for a century has languished in Vollard's cellars, but which that gifted and singular art-dealer does not regard as salable. No one knows what supreme and surprising work from the hand of Rouault, director of the Gustave Moreau Museum, lies there. As much, however, as has come to light, in the last fifteen years or so, in exhibits and art-sales, scarcely justifies the sensation that at the moment makes this name so influential.

MIRAGE

BY RICHARD CHURCH

[*Spectator*]

I saw a man on a horse
Riding against the sun.
'Hallo! Don Cossack!' I cried.
He shouted, 'Hallo, my son!'

The Caspian Sea shimmered;
The Kazak tents shone
For a moment in England,
Then the horseman was gone.

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MODERN NOVELS[1]

BY A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS

MANY of those Common Readers whom Mrs. Woolf has lately addressed want very much to know what such novelists as Dorothy Richardson, Proust, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, D. H. Lawrence, and Katherine Mansfield are about. We want to know how far we can lump such writers together, or where such a typically modern writer as Aldous Huxley would come in any group of his contemporaries. Apparently these writers are themselves not at all class-conscious, and can scarcely be made to form a group. Indeed, it sometimes seems as though it were only possible to label them in a negative way by saying that they are not a bit like their immediate predecessors, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, or Joseph Conrad. Their work indeed seems much more like that of certain contemporary poets, such as the old Imagist group, or like that of T. S. Eliot, or Edith Sitwell. A queer form of narrative is, however, common to them all: we label their way of writing the 'Stream of Consciousness' method. They can and do write otherwise, but some of these writers stick entirely to showing us a sort of cinema film of the consciousness of one particular person, and all of them employ this method.

Dorothy Richardson's five or six volumes, for example, consist, the reader will recall, solely of a minute account of the thoughts of a young woman called Miriam; of what she saw, — not what was to be seen, — and of her reactions and changes of mood. There is in this stream of thought, almost necessarily, a scarcity of ordinary outside facts, and so the books seem to some people exasperatingly obscure.

Now the Imagists issued a manifesto that stated in so many words what they were all driving at, and why they did n't do certain conventional things. But these writers, on the contrary, for a long time said no explicit word. Over a year ago, however, Miss Dorothy Richardson contributed a little article on punctuation to the *Adelphi*, in which she said that she thought that people read much too easily and quickly now, and that she rather hankered after a return to black letter and no stops. You cannot now, she went on, get a reader to linger. He reads in gulps and paragraphs because it is all so neatly punctuated and clearly printed. But, although he might not get through so much print, he might get, she suggested, much more out of his hour's reading if it were made more difficult for him.

And now Mrs. Woolf — whose *In Jacob's Room* and *Mrs. Dalloway* are technically so much like Miss Richardson's 'Miriam' series — has written, not only her 'Common Reader,' in which some of her aims are often suggested and hinted at, but also an essay, or rather a lecture, in which she says a good many things about novel-writing pretty explicitly.

She saw, she says in her fable, a cer-

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *October* 31

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tain old lady in a railway carriage, and this old lady made so great an impression upon her that she instantly wanted to write about her.

I asked [she says] my elders and betters, 'How shall I begin to describe this woman's character?' And they said, 'Begin by saying that her father kept a shop in Harrogate. Ascertain the rent. Ascertain the wages of shop assistants in the year 1878. Discover what her mother died of. Describe cancer. Describe calico. Describe . . . ' And there was also the British public sitting by the writer's side and saying in its vast and unanimous way, 'Now with your Mrs. Brown' (or your Miriam), 'how are we to believe in her? We do not even know whether her villa was called Albert or Balmoral, what she paid for her gloves, or whether her mother died of cancer or consumption. How can she be alive?'

But I cried 'Stop! stop!' and I regret to say that I threw that ugly, clumsy tool out of the window. Of course, if I had not done that, I should have escaped the appalling task of saying what I meant — of trying this sentence and that and referring each word to my vision of Mrs. Brown.

That statement about directness clears things up considerably, but perhaps it has illuminated Mr. Bennett rather than Mrs. Woolf. Mrs. Woolf goes, she says, direct to her woman, thus differing from the more circumspect Mr. Bennett, who describes first villas and gloves. And yet Richardson — the other Richardson — went straight to his woman, and Jane Austen to hers. Yet Jacob is even less like *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Emma* than is Mr. Bennett's Hilda. So this business of directness is only one characteristic of the 'Stream of Consciousness' writers. However, Mrs. Woolf carries us no further in her essay. She says in substance only that 'modern' writers adopt the most direct methods, and that, like the Imagist poets, they have an unlimited addiction to truth, and strive always to cut down to a minimum the distortion inevitable in setting down anything whatever in words.

They are realists, then? But to say that is infinitely confusing, because so, it has always been supposed, are Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Bennett. And indeed it is really an unwarrantable assumption of Mrs. Woolf's that Mr. Arnold Bennett does not see the world in terms of rent and lace curtains, calico and cancer. Indeed, I don't think Mrs. Woolf's concentration on persons instead of on their environment as a definition will do at all, for modern writers set a very great stress on objects and abstractions. Here in proof is Miss Richardson's Miriam coming back to a Bloomsbury boarding-house: —

She knew it well — the faded umbers and browns of the stair carpet, the gloomy heights of wall, a patternless sheen where the staircase lights fell upon it, and in the shadowed parts a blurred scrolling pattern in dull madder on a brown background; the dark landings with lofty ceilings and high dark polished doors, surmounted by classical reliefs in grimed plasters, the high staircase windows screened by long smoke-grimed lace curtains. . . . The little landing was a bright plateau under the skylight, shut off by its brightness from the rest of the house; the rooms leading from it would be bright and flat and noisy with light compared with the rest of the house.

And so on, for a page or two of admirable, crisp, memorable detail. The dingy house as it was that afternoon is minutely described; you know everything about it, and are acutely aware of its reticences. Nobody could possibly be more interested in it than is Miss Richardson.

And when Mrs. Woolf is lured on by the vision of Mrs. Brown — her type in the essay of the eternal human being whom the novelist tries to portray — she no less deals in rooms and furniture

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and circumstances. Here is a passage from *In Jacob's Room:* —

All the lights were coming out round the court, and falling on the cobbles. . . . The young men were now back in their rooms. Heavens knows what they were doing. What was it that could *drop* like that? And leaning down over a foaming window-box one stopped another hurrying past, and upstairs they went and down they went, until a sort of fullness settled on the court, the hive full of bees, the bees home thick with gold. . . .

Although young men still went in and out, they walked as if keeping engagements. Now and then there was a thud as if some heavy piece of furniture had fallen, unexpectedly, of its own accord, not in the general stir of life after dinner. One supposed that young men raised their eyes from their books as the furniture fell.

And so on — Jacob sitting astride a chair eating dates, and an old man carrying a pile of tin dish-covers across the court.

It is, then, nonsense for Mrs. Woolf to pretend that she and her fellows are not just as much aware of rooms and of lace curtains, and of scraps of cold meat in the larder, and the gas meter, and the noise of milk cans and the cluck in the sink waste, and the books on the shelves, as is Mr. Bennett. Only she and Katherine Mansfield and Miss Richardson write of them like poets in a sort of enchantment of ecstasy. And so does Mr. James Joyce — like an angry, mouthing, gesticulating poet. Now do you see why Miss Richardson wants to be read slowly?

She wants to be read slowly because she is a poet.

Then why not write poetry? Miss May Sinclair has, in fact, tried it. But there we come to a difficulty. These people are trying to do almost exactly what poets are trying to do, but there is probably just a fatal difference in emphasis which would produce a distortion if they tried to write verse.

And yet you find that if you cut their prose up you can almost always make tolerable *vers libre* out of it without altering or displacing a word. Here is Jacob sailing between the Scilly Isles and the mainland. He saw the coast, 'as if wisdom and piety had descended on the dwellers there': —

It wore an extraordinary look of piety,
And Peace,
As if old men smoked by the door,
And girls stood, hands on hips, at the well,
And horses stood.
As if the end of the world had come,
And cabbage-fields and stone walls,
And above all,
The white sand bays
With the waves,
Breaking unseen by anyone,
Rose to heaven in a kind of ecstasy.

Here, again, is the beautiful beginning of Katherine Mansfield's 'At the Bay': —

The sandy road was gone,
And the paddocks.
There was nothing to mark
Which was beach
And where was the sea.
A heavy dew had fallen.
The grass was blue.
Big drops hung on the bushes and just did not fall.
Round pearls of dew
Lay on the flat nasturtium leaves.
It looked as though the sea
Had beaten up softly in the darkness,
As though one immense wave had come rippling, rippling —
How far.
Perhaps,
If you had waked up in the middle of the night,
You might have seen a big fish,
Flicking in at the window, and gone again.

You can do the same thing to Miss Richardson; and Miss May Sinclair has done it for herself.

But I think it is impossible to read the *vers libre* with which I have so impudently endowed these writers without seeing that that is not the right medium for them. Their emphasis is not the poets' emphasis; they use and

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love words, they have the poets' ecstatic receptivity, but their intention is larger and less concentrated. They are extensive and not intensive. They see and care about very much the same things that poets see and care about. But they see the coals of the fire and the clouds of the sky combined into much larger patterns. They see the pattern of a man or woman's whole life, and thus they miss something of the intensity of the poet, who sees that life, but symbolized or mirrored in a sharp instant.

And yet there is something unsatisfactory in the prose medium which these writers employ; they feel it themselves. Not Miss Richardson perhaps; she must be satisfied, or she could not have kept up the even tenor of six or seven volumes, in which the point of attack is never changed, and in which there is a perfect steadiness of focus. But clearly Katherine Mansfield was casting about. We can surely guess it from the fact that she wrote no long novels. There is something, too, in Mrs. Woolf's way of writing that conveys a feeling that she is in the state of experimenting, rather than in that of having experimented. As for Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Joyce, something has certainly dissatisfied them, so, like so many English writers of all schools and all styles, they are turning prophet.

Is there something to be done in this matter of form? Miss Richardson gives a hint in writing on punctuation. Or, again, some people say they like to read plays. Could some form be evolved that would suit these people's vision of the world?

Perhaps, however, it is in us, the readers, not in the writers, that a change must take place before we can feel ourselves perfectly in accord with what is clearly writing of very great beauty, poignancy, and sincerity. Perhaps we are debauched by so much reading of newspapers and magazines. But I think there must be adjustment on both sides. Who that remembers the first motor-car, gramophone, reaper and binder, or even safety bicycle, but must believe so? We said, These new things are hideous, why cannot we have back the beautiful carriage-horses or reaping hooks, or whatever it was? And now we are beginning to see beauty and power in their successors. Certainly they have altered and are less ungainly; but also we have altered, for we have learned to look to them for the beauties they can give, not for the beauties that were their predecessors!

So probably it must be with the school of the 'mystic realists,' these pantheistical novelists who so value and admire the world. It is to be hoped that present-day readers will make an effort, and do their share. For these people have got the things for which we all say we are crying out. They have got an intense delight in the world, an ecstatic and poignant sense of emotion, a vigorous inclusiveness, and stomachs as strong as the Elizabethans. They have the immediate sense of life, the vitality, the vigorous quietness and stillness, that we need.

Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his latest book of essays, has said that the hardest thing to ask any introspective and sensitive person to do is to forgive himself his own trespasses; and that so many of us are angry with the world because we are furious with ourselves, and wearied by our own ceaseless fallibility.

For that weariness and that impatience I think that these writers do possess a very real balm. Salvation comes from those who do not hate, but love.

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WHAT HAPPENED IN DAMASCUS[1]

BY A 'TIMES' CORRESPONDENT

Now that a calmer atmosphere reigns, it is possible to give some connected account of the recent trouble and its beginning. The events in the Jebel Druse undoubtedly played a contributory part in causing the Damascus trouble, just as they have been the root of outbreaks that occurred recently in other parts of the country. The reverses the French had suffered and the opposition they encountered in the Jebel combined to create a general atmosphere of excitement and restlessness throughout Syria. Incidentally, if at the time that the French were compelled to denude Damascus of troops the Druses had taken the opportunity offered thereby, they could have occupied the city and the whole country would have risen. As it was, they missed their chance, but what has since happened in the Jebel has, on the one hand, swelled the national movement, and, on the other hand, encouraged disrespect for authority and fomented a spirit of increasing lawlessness which has found expression in the incidents of brigandage reported lately, culminating in last week's trouble here.

Outside the city the brigands have been very active, and lately the French, having received reënforcements, have been occupied in dealing with the villages suspected of harboring bandits. Although they have done much in this connection, the route from Beirut is still by no means safe, and on my journey here I had to obey official warnings that I would motor only as far as Rayak, whence I had to continue the journey by the Aleppo express. Even then, although the train was guarded, a brigand entered a compartment close to mine and robbed a woman.

About a fortnight ago the French burned several villages southeast of the city and brought a couple of dozen corpses of brigands to Damascus, where, after parading them on camelback through the main streets, they exposed them in the Marghi Square. The parade was a revolting spectacle, as the bodies rocked in rhythm with the camels' movements. It was intended as a warning to the turbulent element. It had, however, an entirely opposite effect, for it merely served to infuriate the populace and accentuated the feeling of irritation already abroad. What added to the indignation was that several of these corpses were those of Damascenes. Three days later in the morning the guard found outside the Bab esh Sharqi (Gate of the East) the corpses of twelve Circassians (the French are using them largely as irregulars). This was the reply, typical of the spirit of those whom it was intended to intimidate.

On the night of Saturday, October 17, French soldiers were attacked and mutilated in one of the low quarters. Later the same night several were fired on while on patrol. The next morning there appeared in the Sha-

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *October* 27

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ghour quarter a band of some threescore brigands, led by one Hassan al Kharrat, a former chief *Ghaffir* (night watchman) of the city, than whom, of course, no better cicerone for a looting expedition within its precincts could have been found. A little later another band coming from a Druse village to the south of the city, which, however, had nothing to do with the Jebel Druse, appeared in the Meidan quarter. Both bands made for the bazaars and the centre of the city and started looting. Encouraged by this, bad characters from other quarters disarmed the police and took their rifles and also began to loot, shooting in the air all the time, and creating a panic.

One of the quarters to which the Druse band paid attention was the Armenian, the members of which were alleged to have helped to loot the villages recently burned and to have sold their trophies in the public market. In reality it was Circassian irregulars who had done the looting and openly sold what they obtained in the bazaars, ponies being offered for a couple of pounds: two of them while offering their hauls on the Merj (park or meadow) that morning had quarreled and accidentally shot two innocent countrymen who were looking on — an incident which did not improve the situation. However, the Druses for some obscure reason thought the looters and the sellers of loot were Armenians, and that hapless folk, so often in this part of the Mediterranean the victim of faction fights or mob fury, had to suffer yet one more injustice.

By this time the city resounded from end to end with rifle-shots. No one knew what really was happening, but all were, not unnaturally, somewhat excited, and the uncertainty added to the general nervousness. The French appeared to believe, from the development which the situation had undergone overnight, that some important movement on the part of the populace was imminent and that larger forces were at work than was really the case. (Competent observers estimate that the total number of marauders roaming the city never exceeded five hundred.) At midday on the eighteenth the French sent tanks through the city and these passed along the bazaars at a terrific speed, firing to the right and left without ceasing. The mob erected barricades in the rear of the tanks, and when they were returning they were shot at from above, many of their crews being wounded.

At six o'clock that evening the French started to bombard the old city. The shelling was intermittent, and as far as is known only blank shell were used at that juncture, but this did not diminish the consternation of the populace and of a large number of Europeans whose quarters were in the native city, which was the object of the bombardment. The shelling continued during the night. The next morning, suddenly and without warning, all the troops were withdrawn from the old city, including the Christian quarters, and concentrated at Salihiyeh at which were the French cantonments, whither all French families were removed. From ten o'clock for twenty-four hours the bombardment — live shell now being used — was continued by artillery outside the city, while airplanes flew overhead dropping bombs and using machine-guns. Only at noon on the twentieth did the firing cease, and a truce was called, the terms being those of the ultimatum of which the conditions have already been reported.

The forty-eight hours' shelling, com-

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bined with the activities of the marauders, as might be expected, left substantial traces. I made an extensive tour of the city, and was shocked at the havoc wrought in every direction. The whole area lying between the Hamidieh Bazaar and the Street Called Straight had been laid in ruins. The Hamidieh is greatly damaged, but far worse is the Street Called Straight, the corrugated roof of which had been blown off in the centre for quite a hundred yards, and a portion of it was hanging down into the street like a part of a collapsed balloon. In both bazaars, shop after shop was destroyed, either by tank machine-guns, which riddled the iron shutters as they dashed through, or by shell, or by fire.

As one walks through these bazaars, which but a few days ago were prosperous and in full activity, — it is impossible to drive, — one is depressed by the spectacle of destruction and ruin, and this feeling is accentuated by glimpses of even greater damage done up the little side-alleys leading off them. The Saghur quarters are also badly damaged, while the Suk el Kharratin (Turners' Market), which runs across the south end of the Street Called Straight, has also suffered severely, house upon house and shop after shop having the appearance of being in process of demolition. But the holes are unmistakably made by shell, and smoke curling between the rafters and firemen working on the roofs tell the true tale.

Happily the Great Mosque escaped, in spite of its being near to the bombarded areas; but not so the beautiful green-and-blue-tiled Senaniyeh Mosque, which has an enormous hole in the dome made by a shell, and some of its mosaic windows destroyed. The Imam and some worshipers invited us in to view what had happened. They scarcely spoke; their attitude eloquently expressed how deeply they felt. From the minaret a wonderful panorama is to be had of the whole city, and it was from there that I first realized the extent of the destruction which had been done.

An irreparable loss is the Palace of Azm, belonging to the family of that name, which has given many prominent men to Damascus. It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque buildings in the city. It housed the Institut d'Art et Archéologie Mussulman. Its director is M. de Lorey, and it contained many rare objects, including all recent archæological discoveries in Syria, and was renowned for its marble fittings and mosaic-work. Practically none of these treasures remains. Brigands either looted or deliberately smashed them, — pieces on the ground reveal what the Vandal hands did, — while shell fire has barely left the walls standing of the handsome haremlik. The brigands also paid attention to the palace which General Sarrail recently selected as a *pied-à-terre* during his periodical visits to Damascus. The General had left it only that morning for Deraa, and by evening his apartments had been reduced to ruins by shells which rained on the palace as soon as it was known that the brigands had seized it.

The sweetmeat bazaar, El Bzourieh, near by is seriously damaged, and a shop, the famous Dalale, is completely destroyed.

The houses of such well-known families as Ali Riza Pasha er Rikabi, the Emir Abdullah's premier, and the Bakris, who joined Sultan Atrash, and the Kawatlu, all have been completely destroyed. The house of Kawatlu was one of the show places and was, like the Azm Palace, a gem of Arabesque art. These are but some of the buildings of the damaged areas. Words fail to describe fittingly the

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spectacle which the ancient and sacred city now presents. A good deal of damage was done by fire either lit by marauders or caused by shells and bombs. In many places débris is still smouldering.

It is very difficult to estimate the financial loss represented by this destruction of property. Various authorities place it at between one and two million gold Turkish pounds.

During the two days' bombardment, and indeed until yesterday morning, the city was panic-stricken. The European element particularly was alarmed, for the complete withdrawal of troops from the Christian quarter left them exposed to the fanatical fury of the marauders, which the slightest incident might have aroused. The various consular officials had great difficulty in reaching their nationals, but by dint of much patience, and at no little personal risk, they succeeded in rescuing all. In regard to the British a serious case was the Presbyterian Mission school, where a shell entered a sitting-room, completely gutting it. The inmates of the house, two ladies, were fortunately in another part of the building, and were removed to safety. In another British institution, the Victoria Hospital, the matron and staff suddenly found themselves called on to cope with some five hundred Armenian families, who, with their baggage, sought refuge from the marauders. The presence of such an element added to the dangers to which the hospital was exposed, but the staff pluckily stuck to their posts and admitted all who wanted to enter.

So far it is reported that only two persons — Tripolitans — were killed, and one British subject was wounded. That the European communities came off so lightly and escaped the attentions of the riffraff was not due to the good management of the French authorities, but rather to the good offices of the Moslems. The latter behaved splendidly, and personally organized public order in the Christian quarter after the withdrawal of the troops, and actually defended it against attempts by the unruly elements to enter for loot. In one instance some Moslem policemen conducted Europeans to a place of safety.

All the Europeans I met were warmly grateful for this Moslem assistance. None who lived through those three terrible days — October 18–20 — will ever forget the experience, particularly the two nights of incessant shelling, which, with the added horrors of fires springing up on all sides, became veritable nights of terror.

But while the Europeans feel unable adequately to express their gratitude to the Moslems, there is at Beirut, as well as Damascus, considerable resentment that an open town like Damascus, including areas which are officially known as European, should have been bombarded and all the troops withdrawn from the Christian quarter without in either case the slightest warning. More especially is this resented since, throughout, the French authorities reiterated the assurance that Europeans would be safeguarded, and at the critical moment they were left to the tender mercies of the mob, while the French families were all withdrawn within the French lines. The bitter feeling that has been aroused will, I am afraid, take some time to die down.

The situation here appears to be in hand, but normal conditions are not yet in sight. Barbed-wire entanglements and stone barricades still adorn El Marghi Square, the municipality, and the French hospital and other military buildings, and armed guards are all over the city, which is deserted

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after seven in the evening, none daring to venture out for fear of being shot.

By dint of force the French can maintain peace in Damascus, but the key to the whole situation in Syria to-day is the Jebel Druse, and as long as that question is unsettled sporadic troubles in various parts of the country will continue to increase. Those qualified to know believe that it will take a much larger force than that now available to pacify the Jebel and maintain peace in the rest of the country, which now abounds in brigands. Yet the Druse difficulty could even now be overcome without repressive measures. It has been entirely due to failure to appreciate its psychological aspect and the persistent endeavor to ride roughshod over a race renowned for its pride and virility. Properly handled, the Druses could be converted, without any force, from a serious menace — the French have by no means established themselves in the Jebel — into allies, and automatically the problem of internal public security would be solved.

Economically, also, the settlement of the Druse question would be a relief. The cutting off of the Jebel from all intercourse with the outside world, as well as the failure of the Hauran crops, hit everyone very badly, for on the one hand it means that advances against the crops cannot be recovered, and on the other hand no trade is being done with the interior. Beirut is suffering particularly. Merchants are unable to take up goods ordered, the Customs are congested, and the banks are beginning to refuse to discount trade bills. A continuation of the present conditions will end, it is feared, in many failures.

The resumption of the bombardment which the French authorities threatened if the city did not pay one hundred thousand Turkish pounds ($440,000) gold and deliver three thousand rifles before noon to-day has been averted. Late on Friday evening the delegate of the Commissioner issued a *communiqué* stating that, responsible Damascenes having undertaken to comply with the conditions of the ultimatum, the bombardment would in principle not be carried out. I understand that an undertaking had not been given by the notables, as was originally intended, but by the President of the State of Syria, by his Council and ministers, and by the mayor of the city. Muktars had been busy all day rounding up rifles, but had difficulty in getting the required number. The people felt that the surrender of so large a number might be used as proof of their complicity in the rebellion.

On Friday the panic was intense. The consulates, which notified their nationals that they could receive facilities to leave if wanted, were besieged by applicants. The exodus was at its zenith when the night train left for Beirut, packed to overflowing, with people sitting on the floor and steps — anywhere, so long as they could travel. The shouts which went up as the train drew out testified to the intense satisfaction they felt on leaving a spot which to many must during the previous week have been a hideous nightmare. The news of the acceptance of the ultimatum, which had not been known until Saturday, was received with patent relief, and people are beginning to resume work, though it will be some little time before normal conditions set in and confidence, which is at present much weakened, returns.

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HUNGARY'S OLD VIC[1]

BY F. W.

On this page some time ago Mr. Basil Maine, in an article on Shakespeare production, referred to 'a faith which seems to be ever waning — the faith in the power of Shakespeare.' As I read the words I was waiting on a sunlit Swiss platform for the train that was to take me home. I was on my way from Budapest, and in that corner of a foreign field I had found, not only a faith in the power of Shakespeare, but a passion for Shakespeare which astonished one as a playgoer, and humbled one's pride in being an Englishman. The reproach that Berlin, Munich, and Vienna think more of Shakespeare — 'unser Shakespeare' — than we do is both old and just. But their culture is more or less our own. Hungary, in which there is at least as much East as West, and on which the West seems so often to turn its back, is different. To see Shakespeare, in modern speech and with simple scenery, crowding and overcrowding one of the largest theatres in Budapest many times in a season, at prices not very different from those in the West End of London, gives one a new conception of the vitality and the universality of genius.

But even genius owes something to its instruments, and so far as it belongs to any living man the credit for this fusion of East and West, for making Shakespeare as popular in Budapest as Charles Chaplin seems to be in London, belongs to Dr. Hevesi, director of the National Theatre. Dr. Hevesi has a high reputation all over the Continent as a Shakespeare scholar and translator, and as he talked to me of his work and his English friends — Gordon Craig, Bernard Shaw, and the rest — in his book-lined study behind the stage I realized something of the ability, vision, and enthusiasm that have made his theatre what it is.

He quickly assured me that he does not give Shakespeare merely to keep up a tradition. 'We give him because he pays,' he said — 'pays as no other foreign playwright pays. He is our "best seller." We shall be putting on seventeen of the plays this winter, beginning with *The Merchant of Venice*, and we shall have to turn money away at each performance. This wonderful popularity means much to us in these unfortunate days, when our subvention, like our country, has been cut down by two thirds. Before the war we could give our ideals free play. Now it is different. I should like to give more Schiller, for instance, but he does not pay. I have long wanted to do something of Synge and the Abbey Theatre school, too, but they must wait for happier times.'

Dr. Hevesi went on to speak of his methods. He is not one of those who believe Shakespeare can be improved. 'We make the absolute minimum of alterations in the original text,' he said, 'but I find it necessary sometimes to change place-names and local allusions, and in one or two cases the titles.' Here I noticed from a poster on the wall

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *October* 29

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that what was probably *The Taming of the Shrew* had become *A Whimsical Lady*, and *Twelfth Night* was *January Sixth*. 'Of course, the most interesting difference from the original,' Dr. Hevesi continued, 'is that Hungarians hear all the plays in everyday speech. That may help to make them popular with the man in the street, but I am afraid I have little patience with your London experiment of giving *Hamlet* in modern dress. I should like to have seen it, but I am sure it would hinder rather than help one's enjoyment of the play — too disturbing altogether.'

The plays are produced entirely without cuts, 'just as they are done at the Old Vic,' Dr. Hevesi told me. He is a close observer and a great admirer of the work of Miss Lilian Baylis, and is proud to regard his theatre as Hungary's Old Vic. 'I believe strongly in giving the plays just as they were written,' he went on. 'Last winter we presented *Antony and Cleopatra* with every one of its forty scenes, and it was a great success. We have followed the same plan with every one of the twenty-two plays hitherto produced or now in rehearsal.' With one or two exceptions the translations are all Dr. Hevesi's own.

Although Shakespeare fills such a large part of the theatre's programme, room is found for a good deal of modern English drama. Shaw is very popular, and the production of *Arms and the Man* in November is looked forward to as one of the events of the season. In the last three years *Man and Superman* has been given seventy times, under the title, *John Tanner's Marriage*, and *Candida* thirty times. 'And *Saint Joan?*' I asked. 'Ah!' Dr. Hevesi replied, 'it has been seen here once in a private — that is, a nonsubsidized — theatre, but it was not a success. The production was faulty, but apart from that I think we are too near the war for the play to succeed in Hungary. There is the epilogue, you know.'

In Budapest, as elsewhere on the Continent, Wilde is played much more often than in England. The popularity of Barrie is more unexpected. *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *The Admirable Crichton*, and even *Quality Street*, have all firmly established themselves. Galsworthy is winning recognition more slowly. Throughout both Austria and Hungary translations of *The Patrician* are on every bookstall just now, but the plays, so far, are not appreciated.

The National Theatre, like the Old Vic, seems to have a wonderfully stimulating effect on all who are connected with it. First, there is a school of young dramatists, all of whom receive every encouragement from Dr. Hevesi, and several of whom are rapidly making a name for themselves outside their own country. One of them, Mr. Lewis de Zilahy, told me that Miss Sybil Thorndike had signed an agreement to produce one of his plays in London early in the New Year. It is called *The Memory of a Face*, and has been adapted by Mr. Monckton Hoffe. It has already been given in Budapest with considerable success.

Then there is Dr. Hevesi's company of sixty-four players. Only a rare enthusiasm could make them work as hard as they do. For ten months of the year they give two performances every week-day, and four on Sundays. Eight are given in the National Theatre itself, and the other eight in a kamara, or smaller branch theatre. In addition, there are rehearsals every day at 9.30 A.M., noon, and 5 P.M. in both theatres, and also on a practice stage under the roof.

Many members of the company could command higher salaries, and would have much less to do, if they went over to the private theatres. I

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asked why they did not do so, and Dr. Hevesi's answer was interesting. 'In the first place,' he said, 'all this work is necessary because of the size of our repertoire. We can already do seventy plays at a day or two's notice. By the end of the season we shall be able to do a hundred. Now all this variety appeals to the Hungarian temperament. Plays with long runs do not. The actors soon tire of their parts. As it is, I often notice a falling-off when we have given a play fifteen or eighteen times. Then I have to make little changes in the cast, and all is well again. So we have no "star" problem here,' he added, with a smile. 'Occasionally one or two of the company are persuaded to leave us, but they soon come back.'

A feature of the company's work which is unlike anything seen in England is the presentation of national or peasant plays, usually comedies, done in country dress, and containing here and there a folk song and country dance. Dr. Hevesi invited me to see one of them — an old favorite called *A Piros Bugyellaris* (The Red Purse). The acting was of a very high order, and the music, in which the gypsy cymbal was prominent, delightful. The theatre was packed, and I have never seen a play followed with such rapt attention.

AS WELL AS ANY OTHER

BY LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK

[*Calendar*]

As well as any other, Erato,
I can dwell separately on what men know
  In common secrecy,
And celebrate the old, adored rose,
Retell — oh, why — how similarly grows
  The last leaf of the tree.

But for familiar sense what need can be
Of my most singular survey or me,
  If homage may be done
(Unless it is agreed we shall not break
The patent silence just for singing's sake)
  As well by anyone?

Reject me not, then, if I have begun
Unwontedly, or if I seem to shun
  The close and well-tilled ground;
For in untraveled soil alone can I
Unearth the gem or let the mystery lie
  That never must be found.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE FATE OF THE NOVEL

Democracy and the novel have this in common — that at regular intervals some soothsayer arises to forecast one or the other's imminent decay. Democracy, certainly, has in some quarters been wept over as an inanimate corpse from the earliest days of its lusty infancy; and we are willing to believe that thoughtful persons in the days of Richardson and Fielding saw the decline of popular taste for realistic prose-fiction just ahead. Was it not only the other day that Mr. Middleton Murry was writing on some such subject as 'The Decadence of the Novel'? Was it not Stevenson who thought that the novel had had its day and was already on the downward path?

Yet the novel, like democracy, continues to flourish, — blunderingly, no doubt, — with a kind of insensitive indifference to its critics. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that it has indeed died several times over, in one of its phases, and then come to life again in another and sturdier one.

M. John Charpentier contributes to the *Mercure de France* a longish article entitled 'Considerations on the Novel,' in which he begins by asking these critics: 'What, after all, is a novel? Don't we nowadays use this name arbitrarily for a number of works that are really more or less hybrid, and have only vague resemblances and remote relations to that very individual type of literary utterance?' How, in other words, can we be prepared to say that the novel is on its deathbed until we make sure that we have identified the patient?

The burden of M. Charpentier's protest is that too many practitioners of what is called the novel are really writers with gifts of a very different order who take advantage of the popular taste for prose fiction to exploit their own ideas or grind their own axes — on a stone that will not sharpen all the blades in the world. 'Let us remember,' he says, 'that the novel springs from the desire of the writer to escape from the general and the abstract and seek new nourishment in the particular and the concrete, and that the writer has achieved his purpose when he has succeeded in depicting, in a specific environment, characters clearly defined both morally and physically, and in depicting them in reaction, under the sway of their appetites, their ambitions, or their passions, against that environment, or, on the other hand, using it to arrive at their own ends.'

This, if we must resort to definitions, strikes us as not a bad one. Certainly, if we accept it, we find ourselves ruling out a great many pleasant or profound or ingenious works which call themselves novels but which aim at almost any other purpose than that here outlined. As M. Charpentier points out, there is a whole class of prose works that are inspired by the same impulses of personal self-expression that lie behind the lyric. The illusion of objective truth is the last thing such works achieve. Say what you will for

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them, he exclaims, but do not call them novels, and then lament that the novel is going the way of all flesh.

M. Charpentier is a French critic, and French critics are notoriously rigorous in their insistence on clarified definitions. Less exacting critics might well counter with the observation that the name is in any case of no great importance, that all that matters is the artistic soundness of the result, — on its own terms, — and that if your generalized 'novel' does disappear, something at least as fine will take its place.

However that may be, M. Charpentier himself is no Jeremiah. On the contrary, he believes that within the limits of his own definition contemporary writers are going on to exploit new and fruitful possibilities in prose fiction. 'To reflect life without commentary, it seems to me, — whether you regard it as progress or not, — is the goal toward which the new novelists are more and more tending, if they do not always wholly reach it. They betray besides — and this as a result of their sympathy with Russian writers — a certain repugnance to composition, and, by substituting for its lucid methods an impressionism or a "pointillism" that is somewhat confusing, they purposely set the pace for a probing into the subconscious to the neglect of analysis in the strict sense.' That the novel is not on the point of dissolution so long as men like M. Charpentier's compatriots, Jacques de Lacretelle, Lucien Fabre, and François Mauriac, are at work upon it — this we can allow with a good grace.

✦

THE AUTUMN SALON IN PARIS

Reactions to this year's Salon d'Automne vary from the disapprobation of Waldemar George, writing in the *Revue Mondiale*, — who dismisses it as 'peculiarly disappointing and banal,' — to the moderate enthusiasm of Gustave Kahn, writing in the *Mercure de France* — who observes that 'though there are few artists whose work we see here for the first time, there are some who express themselves more fully, or more clearly, or whose efforts appear more unmistakably successful.' C. G. Sarti, a Paris correspondent of the *Tribuna*, simply says that it is 'no better and no worse than those of previous years.'

Waldemar George's curt judgment is supported by his statement that 'this salon leaves with one an impression of boredom, which is due, if not to the uniformity of the works exhibited, at least to the almost total absence of a spirit of adventure among the exhibitors.' He goes on to define the prevailing spirit of contemporary painting, at least so far as the Salon represents it: 'To-day the dominant tendency is that of the Imagists. Whether they follow the example of Maurice Utrillo or of Henri Rousseau, our painters are seeking the picturesque. They doubtless hope to break away by these means from all obsession with reality. The dream, which the surrealists have enthroned, has become an obligatory mode. . . . These gentlemen are interested in literary painting. When will Gustave Moreau be rediscovered?'

A less hypercritical writer in the London *Times* recognizes the same absence of the most undebatable originality: —

> Of the talents that illumine this Salon — and they are more than a few — many are established in a firm and comprehending popularity. Modern painting and sculpture are entering into the heart of modern life; we recognize the artist's dreams; and we can judge to what extent they are realized.
>
> Rousseau le Douanier, Picasso, Utrillo, Matisse, how do you multiply before our astonished eyes! Whose amazement would

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be greater than yours if you knew how many doubles you have unconsciously projected on to the world? Mercifully, the true vintage alone has the bouquet we appreciate. Picasso, the Protean, merits this dubious flattery more than most of his contemporaries: his numerous flights and extemporizations have given birth, as is natural, to a whole troupe of artistic gymnasts, sham virtuosos. The Cubists, Gleizes, and his little *cénacle*, have their select corner; their crowded hour is past, but their value as composers of subtle harmonies need not be forgotten.

The *Tribuna* correspondent gives a piquant sketch of the spectators themselves at the Salon: —

Many exhibitors were scattered among the visitors — the most celebrated being there to receive the congratulations of friends; the least known, to overhear with no little trepidation what the public might have to say about their work. The gray-bearded professors of the Academy moved about, observing certain canvases and certain sculptures with expressions of severity, as if they were somehow criminal. Elderly ladies passed by, holding catalogues in their hands and lorgnettes to their eyes, attentively making the right identifications between works and titles. Bands of long-haired youths strode about, fervently discussing this or that artistic experiment. The greater part of the visitors, in short, displayed a lively interest in the show. Only the elegant ladies had the air of caring nothing at all about it.

Two of the best-known painters at the Salon were Matisse and Bonnard. M. Kahn has this note on the former: —

Henri Matisse, with two views of a studio, both astonishingly clear, with a light symphonic charm achieved by the play of soft sunlight on the brilliant red of a Moghreb carpet. In one, a model and the painter. In the other, the young woman there painted has contented herself with a bouquet of flowers as a motif. In harmonious tones the human face is treated with as much truth as the accessories, but with no more precision.

M. George makes this comment on the second: —

Bonnard's 'Bathing Woman' is a composition based on the parallelism of horizontal lines. He continues to be original. He pursues his experiments without ever yielding to corruption, without ever lapsing into scholastic formulas. That divine faculty of renewal and rejuvenation makes one think of Renoir.

*

THE DECORATIVE ARTS

Now that the Exposition of Modern Decorative Arts is over, and the prizes awarded, — to eight per cent of the French exhibitors, and to seven per cent of the foreigners, — and the work of wrecking begun, French connoisseurs have set about the task of summing up its achievements. No one denies that these have been considerable: even M. Paul Gaultier, writing in the *Revue Bleue*, who objects with some vehemence to many of the bizarre elements of the architecture and the exhibits themselves, concedes that the exposition brought much real originality into play — the kind of originality that has its roots in tradition.

This writer is impressed most of all by the appearance of uniformity — the 'family resemblance' — that the work of the various contributing nations betrayed, and that in his opinion came from a common devotion to cubism: 'here geometry is queen, the geometry of lines and not of curves.' He considers that the three salient characteristics of the new art here displayed are heaviness, power, and freedom from naturalistic realism; and he points out that these spring naturally from the conditions of our mechanistic and unattractive way of life.

'But what constitutes the preëminence of French art,' M. Gaultier continues, 'are its traditional and fundamental qualities, the qualities of the

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race, those which recur through all the epochs of its history, and have remained intact after the cruel events we have passed through, and the misery they have caused, since we find them again unaltered in the renewed art that is the French art of to-day.

'They are our old qualities of moderation and elegance. Whereas certain countries are guilty of exaggeration and mere oddity, if not of ugliness itself, most of the pieces displayed by our craftsmen remain well proportioned. They keep within the limits of the golden mean. . . . This sense of proportion also results in elegance. Power, no matter how heavy it may be, rarely descends among us to ponderosity. . . . The new French art, furthermore, is simple, simpler than it has ever been. Indeed, it sends us back at once to the style of the Empire. The architectural details, the furniture, the glassware, the vases, the stuffs, the jewels, the dresses even, are alike in this respect. We are through with schemes of foliage, with intertwinings, with the ribbons and the flowers of the false Louis XV or Louis XVI style of a bazaar. We are through with mediæval bric-a-brac, with Henri II dining-rooms and Gothic offices. We are through also with the elaborate mouldings of a disheveled "modern style." Is it not this vow of simplicity that, in reaction against impressionism, led modern painters first of all to cubism? This simplicity is so marked that cupboards, sideboards, tables, now reveal to us, without excessive decoration, the beauty of their woods. . . .

'To sum up, the Exposition has had the great merit, perhaps of having discovered a style, certainly of having furnished the opportunity for a first manifestation of the new art which has for a long time been germinating, and which, though European in its dissemination, has come to fullest flower on our soil.'

NANSEN AT ST. ANDREWS

In any case, peace seems to be winning out in the rectorial elections in Scotch universities this fall. It was his work at Locarno that seems to have been the decisive element in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's election at Glasgow, and now St. Andrews University, in electing the Norwegian explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, as Rector, has recognized his services to relief work during the war and to the cause of international peace since. It will be remembered that Dr. Nansen was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1922.

'As a former Norwegian minister in London,' observes the *Westminster Gazette*, 'and a frequent visitor and lecturer since, Dr. Nansen has already associations with England. Nor is it the first time that men of his race have made successful descents on the coast of Fifeshire.'

The *Observer* reminds us what a distinguished succession of rectors St. Andrews has had. James Anthony Froude, John Stuart Mill, Dean Stanley, Earl Balfour, Sir James Barrie, and Mr. Kipling have all held the office. Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, and Browning were among those who refused invitations.

Dr. Nansen's rival in the election was Mr. Galsworthy, who polled 160 votes to his 216. What 's wrong with *Scotland* now?

The *Morning Post* consoles Mr. Galsworthy in the following terms: —

You need not, Mr. Galsworthy,
Feel piqued at this at all,
It is — if you'll excuse the pun —
Scarce worthy of your gall.
St. Andrews University
Has chosen, it is true,
A most distinguished foreigner
In preference to you.
But then you must remember that,
While you've been making rôles
For actors, Dr. Nansen's been
A hero of the polls!

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S entirely unsolicited contribution confirms a suspicion that we have been harboring for some time. He thinks the United States is a free country. Not only that, but he even believes that democratic principles should be applied to foreign policy. The workings of the typical Reformer mind were never displayed to better advantage. It observes that, because unrepresentative diplomacy eventually leads to war, representative diplomacy will therefore avoid it.

* * *

It would be difficult to think of a better way of starting trouble than by having any nation's diplomats represent that attitude on foreign policy of the majority of men in the street. The fate of the Japanese Exclusion Clause proves this point abundantly. Our State Department was ready to take a conciliatory, peaceful attitude when the representative Senate got wind of what was going on. They did their best to make trouble, and only the fact that Japan's Foreign Office does not represent the will of its people prevented a mess. Now, providentially, the master mind of Frank B. Kellogg is clicking night and day trying to thwart the repetition of any such embarrassing episodes. If the State Department prevented us voters from getting any information at all, the cause of peace would be advanced a good thousand years.

* * *

That was a good article about the pleasantness of European life that we printed last week, but we should like to carry it a step further. Europe, so we were told, is delightful because its pleasures are bourgeois — lower-middle class, in fact. This puts the lofty-browed American who raves over Continental life in just about the right place, and we might as well leave him there, passing on to André Moufflet, who curses advertisements because they artificially stimulate new desires. He believes that our desires should be curbed or hard labor will always be our lot. To which we reply, 'Why should n't it?' If we contented ourselves with the squalid sufficiencies of five hundred years ago, we should probably not have to work more than a mere hour or so a day — thanks to modern inventions. The question of spending the remaining twenty-three hours would then be upon us, and rather than put itself in that paralyzing position mankind has wisely raised the banner of Progress and devotes eight or ten hours to completely useless occupations, simply to pass the time of day. Why, if we were to take Mr. Moufflet's advice, the existence of the *Living Age* itself might be threatened. Perish the thought.

* * *

There are a good many of Marcel Pillon's remarks that we are going to take exception to. We have yet to meet the Frenchman who is 'temperamentally such an inveterate mocker that he is only too glad to laugh at himself.' At this moment we are in the midst of Jean Jacques Brousson's biography of the monumental Latin genius, Anatole France himself, and

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one passage lingers in our memory with a vengeance. It is Anatole's assertion that, though to the outward eye he appears to be a gay, care-free epicurean, his heart is eaten away with sorrow. This does not smack of self-mockery. It makes us want to hurry down to the banks of the Styx with a copy of Bartlett in our hand and yell across, 'Fool, said my muse, look in thy heart and write.'

* * *

It is not — we assert it flat-footedly — unfair to take old Anatole as the Frenchman par excellence. Certainly he played the rôle assiduously for a good eighty years, and it would be an insult to his talents to say that he did not acquit himself more than creditably. Yet where do we find self-mockery in his pages? Or — as far as that goes — where do we find it anywhere in the whole complacent country? As for the Frenchman's private life, we have never discovered much of the 'courtesy and amiability' that Marcel Pillon remarks on. A seasoned traveler in European trains, we never encountered a French tourist whose courtesy or amiability stuck out so we could notice it, whereas in England one sometimes finds courtesy, and in America amiability always. Can Marcel waive this objection?

* * *

Now wipe away the tears of laughter that little joke evoked, and let us explain where we agree with M. Pillon. When he starts jumping on the Anglo-Saxon flirt we are with him to a man. The way these flappers carry on is something terrible, and as M. Pillon intimates, — and may even have found out to his cost, — if you ever take one of them at face value you are telling the judge about it in the morning.

What happened in Damascus was plenty. The courteous and amiable French troops, having assured the foreign colony of its safety, escorted the French residents outside the city and then bombarded the place, courteously and amiably, for two days. Thanks to the courteousness and amiability of the Moslem police, not so many foreigners were hit by shells as you might have supposed.

* * *

From where we sit it looks as if Mr. Williams-Ellis were not so well posted on the works of Joyce and Lawrence as he ought to be if he is going to write about the Stream-of-Consciousness school of fiction. His excerpts from Dorothy Richardson and Mrs. Woolf (pronounced Woolf) certainly do not tempt us to go to the originals. And somehow Miss Richardson's minute account of the thoughts of a young Englishwoman called Miriam do not sound like very lively reading either — and as usual we know whereof we speak. Mrs. Woolf is almost as bad. Her redeeming feature is the fact that she admires Ring Lardner.

* * *

Another thing that puzzles us about Williams-Ellis, aside from the fact that it would be a lot more convenient if he could come to some decision about his last name, is why he elects to call these people Realists. The stuff they write bears no more relation to the facts than the New Psychology does to what is going on inside or outside our noodles. And, by the way, a thing that stumps us still more is that the same people are apt to admire both the new fiction and the New Psychology. This does n't mean that the two are anything alike. They simply have a common denominator of error. And it's a pretty low one at that.

YANKEE DOOLEY

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BOOKS ABROAD

Robert Burns: A Play, by John Drinkwater. London: Sidgwick and Jackson; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

[*Morning Post*]

A POET himself, Mr. Drinkwater has naturally realized that the poetry of Burns was the most essential part of him; and he has, therefore, given it what may be called the leading rôle in the performance. It dominates everything else, as it might do on a Scotch night at a Popular Concert. The first scene opens with a Burns song, and the last closes with another Burns song; and whatever action and dialogue there may be in this 'play' is interrupted at frequent intervals for the rendering of one or other of Burns's most familiar songs. If there are any singing chambermaids out of 'a shop,' the production of *Robert Burns* should end their embarrassments. Mr. Drinkwater has, in fact, compiled a Burns anthology, words and music complete, and provided for the rendering of it in character, with a stage setting. That may or may not be satisfying to Scottish fervor; but it is a musical, rather than a dramatic, entertainment that results.

Naturally we have a number of familiar figures dragged in to make the scene — Gavin Hamilton, Jean Armour, Walter Scott, Professor Ferguson, Mrs. Stewart of Stair, Lord Muir, and the Duchess of Gordon. But except for Jean they have no more importance than the chorus of the Christy Minstrels when the soloist was taking his turn. The book opens with Burns in a love episode. 'A peasant girl, with mischief in her movement,' the stage directions tell us, 'runs on and looks from the hillock up and down the furrows. Then she fixes her gaze on some object in the distance and after a moment sings.' Everybody sings; so much so that one cannot help thinking that Mr. Drinkwater, if determined to impress Robert Burns into his service, would have done better to use the operatic rather than the dramatic form. The Burns of Mr. Drinkwater's play, when he is not singing, has nothing to do except to speak lines that have no significance, for upon them nothing hangs. He neither wins an indulgence for his weaknesses nor our homage for his greatness. He is not even pathetic; he is only ineffectual.

'Why can't you leave it alone,' exclaimed Lord Melbourne to his colleagues of the Cabinet on a famous occasion. One is moved, by reading this 'play,' to address the same question to Mr. John Drinkwater. Why could n't he leave Burns alone? The only excuse for taking him as a subject was to explain him or to dignify him. Mr. Drinkwater has done neither. He has put a precious jewel in a rather cheap and commonplace setting. He has, as it were, commercialized Burns; and we are not sure that the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments ought not, by a stretching of its commission, to interfere in the matter. It may be necessary for Mr. John Drinkwater to practise the tableau treatment; but he might at least study more carefully the limitations of an art-form that he has annexed for his own.

Mother, by E. F. Benson. London: Hodder and Stoughton; New York: George H. Doran. $3.50.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE almost incredible attitude of the pious Victorian women toward their masterful and worthy husbands will always be a fascinating study for the psychologist. Mr. E. F. Benson, in writing of his mother, who was a symbolic instance of the kind, has the advantage of being informed by intimate diaries, besides being a member of a singularly united and affectionate family. His new book is, in fact, more a volume of autobiography than a special memoir of his mother; but its earlier chapters give a delightful study of her as the wife of the eager and energetic young clergyman who became Archbishop of Canterbury.

She was only eleven years old when her future husband first saw her, and decided at once that he must marry her in due time. They waited for seven years. No young Victorian lady ever felt more deeply her duty to devote every moment of her life, and to mould every instinct she possessed, in the service of her husband. He was impetuously masterful, she docile and eager to serve; but with a temperament that was strangely unsuited to his. Happy herself, and always longing to make everyone else happy, she realized very soon that he had believed her to be more serious; she guessed his secret disappointment, and set herself all the more humbly to train herself to become everything that he could wish.

Such was their life together for forty years. His sudden death left her — as it was bound to leave all devoted Victorian wives — utterly shaken and isolated. Mr. Benson gives a really

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charming picture of her gayety, her affectionate enthusiasm, her simple tastes, and, in the after years, her pathetic and lonely efforts to recreate among her own children, already grown up and prosperously active in the world, a life that would involve new duties. His book gradually embraces a much wider horizon, and its intimate recollections of his brothers Arthur and Hugh — whose books, like his own, his mother collected and treasured, though not one of them until the very end ever gave her real pleasure — are full of vivid human touches.

Along the Road, by Aldous Huxley. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: George H. Doran. $2.00.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THOUGH admirable in their frankness, Mr. Huxley's confessions are deplorable in their effect. One would read 'The Palio at Siena,' if it stood alone, with esteem for the apt though frequent allusions to Pituroccio. Unhappily, on another page one is informed that Mr. Huxley always packs a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in his pushing little Citroën. On yet another Mr. Huxley says: 'I have written airily of the remote and odd in order to conceal my ignorance of the near and classical.' The wits of an earlier generation blew their own trumpets, while the wits of this blow their own gaffs. Mr. Huxley has given himself away. But it is a handsome present.

The fact is that Mr. Huxley cannot be dull. Stripped of his allusions, divorced from his encyclopædia, he might be embarrassed, but he still would be interesting. His large and curious mind is incessantly in play, and whether he explains the decline of the Portuguese Empire or describes the Black Country of Elba the sheer efficiency of his intelligence is delightful to watch. Not without reason, he regrets that he is not a scientist. But what earthworms have lost, humanity has gained. His detachment, his courage in pursuing to its logical conclusion any line of thought, and his love of facts, are put into service by desultory travel and not by concentrated research. The variety of material has not weakened the instrument.

It is not, however, a sufficient description of Mr. Huxley's essays to say that they are the fruit of a collaboration of learning — encyclopædic learning — with wisdom, of culture with common-sense. Mr. Huxley is not altogether to be explained as a man who thinks like a scientist but feels like a tram-conductor, although the major part of his fame is in all probability due to the accident that he unites a fine donnishness of ratiocination with quite ordinary feelings. Allowances must, too, be made for the almost personal charm of his style. He is as engaging as Elia, though — thanks to the encyclopædia — far better informed.

Mr. Huxley, however, should consider whether he could not make better use of essays like these, of which the majority appear to have been intended for periodical publication, than by binding them into one incoherent volume. Something continuous and solid, another *Alps and Sanctuaries*, would give him more elbowroom and his readers better value for their money.

Suburb, by Allan Monkhouse. London: A. M. Philpot. *5s.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THE sketches that make up this entertaining volume show Mr. Allan Monkhouse's penetrating observation at its best. Without overemphasis, neither with a yawn nor with a sigh, he gives us miniatures of life as it passes before his eyes. He knows that life itself is full of anticlimax, and he gives the anticlimax without apology. But he is inclined to lay too much stress on the accident as though to preserve himself from the reproach of a Chekhov-like futility in presentation. For instance, in 'Fancy Dress' a little crowd of masqueraders are abruptly brought back to full self-consciousness through a fatal accident to a child. Then, in 'The Simpson-Sollys,' a singularly banal couple are dragged into a sort of humanity only through the illness of their son. Again, in the 'Apotheosis of Benjy,' a sort of village idiot loses his life in an attempt at rescue. Analysis insists that Benjy is no real hero even in the moment of supreme sacrifice. The author, au fond, can make nothing of the tragedy: 'I should have liked to be comfortable about it, to balance, or even to overwhelm, the tragedy with the heroism. I suppose I lack, as the politicians say, a formula.' It is precisely this insinuation of the necessity of a formula which tends repeatedly to overcloud the work of a writer who, in his own medium, is a very sure and experienced observer of our island life.

BOOKS MENTIONED

WOOLF, VIRGINIA. *Mrs. Dalloway.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

This page will cover the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers, or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.

My Life as an Explorer, by Sven Hedin. Translated by Alfhild Huebsch. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. $5.00.

THE most remarkable thing about this remarkable book is its extremely reasonable price. It is splendidly bound, and printed on the best paper. It runs to over five hundred pages, copiously illustrated with little sketches and colored inserts on glossy paper. All of the illustrations are the work of the talented author, and what they lack in technique is more than made up for by their rugged authenticity. It is impossible to summarize with any accuracy such a varied autobiography. We can only say that the book deals with Mr. Hedin's extensive explorations through Central Asia. It naturally challenges comparison with Ossendowski's stuff, and, though there is no accounting for tastes, at least one reader found it far more convincing, expert, modest, and gentlemanly than anything by the Polish Munchausen. Each episode is well documented, but the facts do not slop over the edges. The meeting with the Tashi and the Dalai Lamas is the high point of an exciting life.

Neuroses of the Nations, by C. E. Playne. New York: Thomas Seltzer, 1925. $4.00.

THE thesis of this book is that Europe for the past thirty years has been suffering from a collective attack of the pip. Miss Playne devotes the first half of her study to Germany, the second half to France. She shows us how German militarism, Pan-Germanists, French literature, and French politicians all suffered from the same mal de siècle. It is interesting, many readers will find it striking, but to this reviewer it seemed that much of it is to be taken with large grains of salt. Even that will-o'-the-wisp body of doctrine popularly known as Science does not recognize the Group Mind as being quite on a par with Gravitation, or even Evolution. The man in the street is surely still in a position to challenge, with what little horse-sense he has left, many of the assertions of modern psychology on which so much of this book depends. With Miss Playne's convictions we have no quarrel. One simply suspects her of being right for the wrong reasons.

Cling of the Clay, by Milton Hayes. New York: Adelphi Company, 1925. $2.50.

THIS first novel, telling of the rise to wealth and the descent therefrom of the cruel and domineering brickmaker, William Fayle, is extremely well conceived and developed. Fayle's sins find him out only with the aid of an astute detective, who is faced with a puzzle that would mystify Sherlock Holmes himself. Through it all runs a love story, which has — you may as well be told — a happy ending.

The Island of the Great Mother, or The Miracle of the Île des Dames, by Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press, 1925. $2.50.

HAUPTMANN is enough of an old-style European to regard a matriarchate no more seriously than as a subject for an entertaining fantasy. He seems more genuinely concerned with finding the 'lost heritage of civilization,' and one may or may not feel somewhat disappointed when, at the end of the book, he has failed to discover it on an exotic tropical island peopled with healthy and sometimes contemplative pagans.

The Contracting Circle, by E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. $2.50.

HAPLESS indeed is the fate of the wife who forsakes civilization and follows even a beloved husband into the wilderness. This theme tempts the novelist frequently — seldom, however, with so arresting a result as Mr. Grant Watson achieves in *The Contracting Circle*. Here delicacy and strength go hand in hand, and the dark places of a troubled spirit are explored with masterly skill. Love for her husband and son steels Maggie O'Brian to endure twenty years of life in the Australian bush, but her rebellion finally transplants the family to the fairer and more populous farm-lands of the south. There follows a period of prosperity and seeming content, until one bright morning the husband disappears in the desert. The dénouement is worthy of a Russian. Mr. Grant Watson has powerful literary equipment. His philosophy and dramatic sense may well grip even those who habitually avoid life's gloomier aspects in their reading.

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

December 12, 1925

DEMOCRACY AND FOREIGN POLICY. What defects does Mr. MacDonald point out in the conduct of American and European diplomacy? From what peculiar difficulties does the British Foreign Office suffer? How might the present state of affairs be improved?

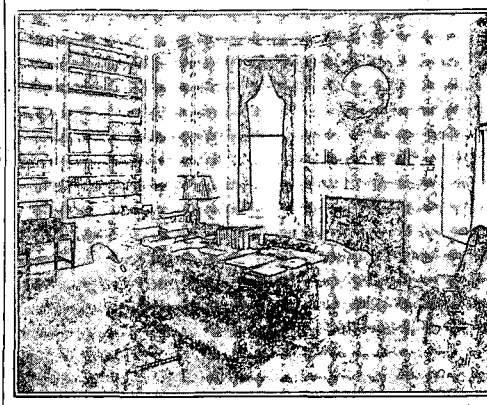
THE VANISHING PLEASANTNESS OF EUROPEAN LIFE. Name some other periods of distress and decadence in human history similar to the present time in Europe. Is there anything unprecedented in the conditions about us now? What, in Mr. Moufflet's opinion, is the fundamental problem we are facing and how does he suggest meeting it?

ANGLO-SAXONS AND FRENCH MANNERS. How has it been possible for Anglo-Saxon customs to be grafted on the French nation? What customs does Marcel Pillon especially deplore and how does he think they will injure the character of his country?

KRUPPS IN THE STEPPE. Why have the Krupps obtained a concession from the Soviet Government? What are the terms of this concession?

THE MONTH OF MUHARRAM. What year is this in the Mohammedan calendar and when did it begin? Describe the ceremonies during the first month of the year. In whose memory are they held?

WHAT HAPPENED IN DAMASCUS. What caused the trouble between the French and the natives of Damascus? Give a brief description of the shelling of the city by the French.



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* * *

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